

Maurice Leresque

Our Gang

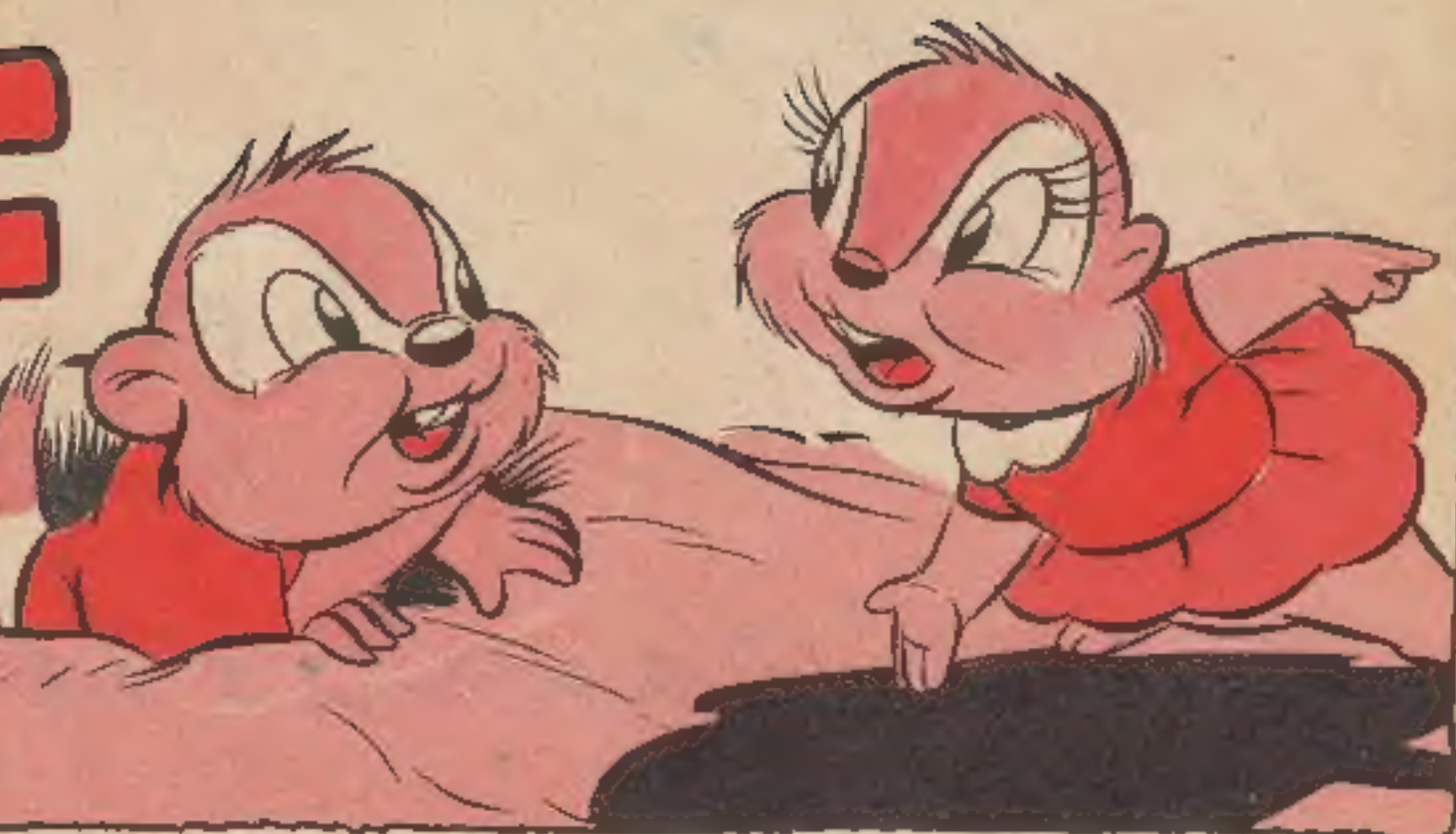
Maurice Leresque

10¢ JULY-AUGUST, No. 18 COMICS



WUFF

the
Prairie Dog



"Good morning!" barked Wuff the Prairie Dog, as the sun's red face peeped over the edge of the world. The sun didn't answer out loud, but his smile turned the queer rocks of the Badlands into a city of gold.

Little Wuff grinned from ear to ear—as if he had helped the sun to do all that. Then, suddenly his eyes popped wide open. Something—two somethings—had moved, behind the big cholla cactus bush! And that wasn't all. Every few seconds there came a buzzing, bubbling noise like that of an angry bumblebee.

"Wha-What is it, Wuff?" squeaked a small voice from the other side of the prairie dog village.

It was Fluff, his girl friend.

"I don't know," he called softly. "Let's sneak over there and find out."

Side by side the two little prairie dogs crept to the cholla bush. With eyes as big as saucers, they peeked around it. There lay a big gray animal with long ears that twitched back and forth when he breathed. Beside him slept another stranger with small,

round ears and a long gray beard. From his open mouth came the queer buzzing sounds.

"Who—what—?" began little Fluff.

"I know," whispered Wuff proudly. "My mother told me about those critters. Long-ears is called a BURRO. He carries loads for the other one who is called a PROSPECTOR. They won't hurt you, I guess—Anyhow, they don't eat prairie dogs."

"What DO they eat?" asked Fluff.

"Maybe we could find out," replied Wuff, eyeing the prospector's beard.

The prospector was lying with his head on a bulgy sack. Near the sack's open end was a torn paper box labeled "Shreddies," and inside it was something like a roll of coarse hair. It smelled eatable, so Fluff tasted it.

"Ummmm!" she murmured. "I like Shreddies. I'll give you half of it."

"Nope, that one is yours," said her boy friend generously.

"I saw some-



Our GANG

and the
INDIAN TREASURE
MYSTERY



HEY-PSST, BUCKY! LOOK AT WHAT IT SAYS IN THIS BOOK ABOUT THE HISTORY OF THIS COUNTY.



"THE WINNEGOHEGAN INDIANS OF COHEGAN COUNTY WERE REPORTED TO HAVE HIDDEN MUCH TREASURE WHEN THE SETTLERS DROVE THEM OUT... THIS TREASURE HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND"

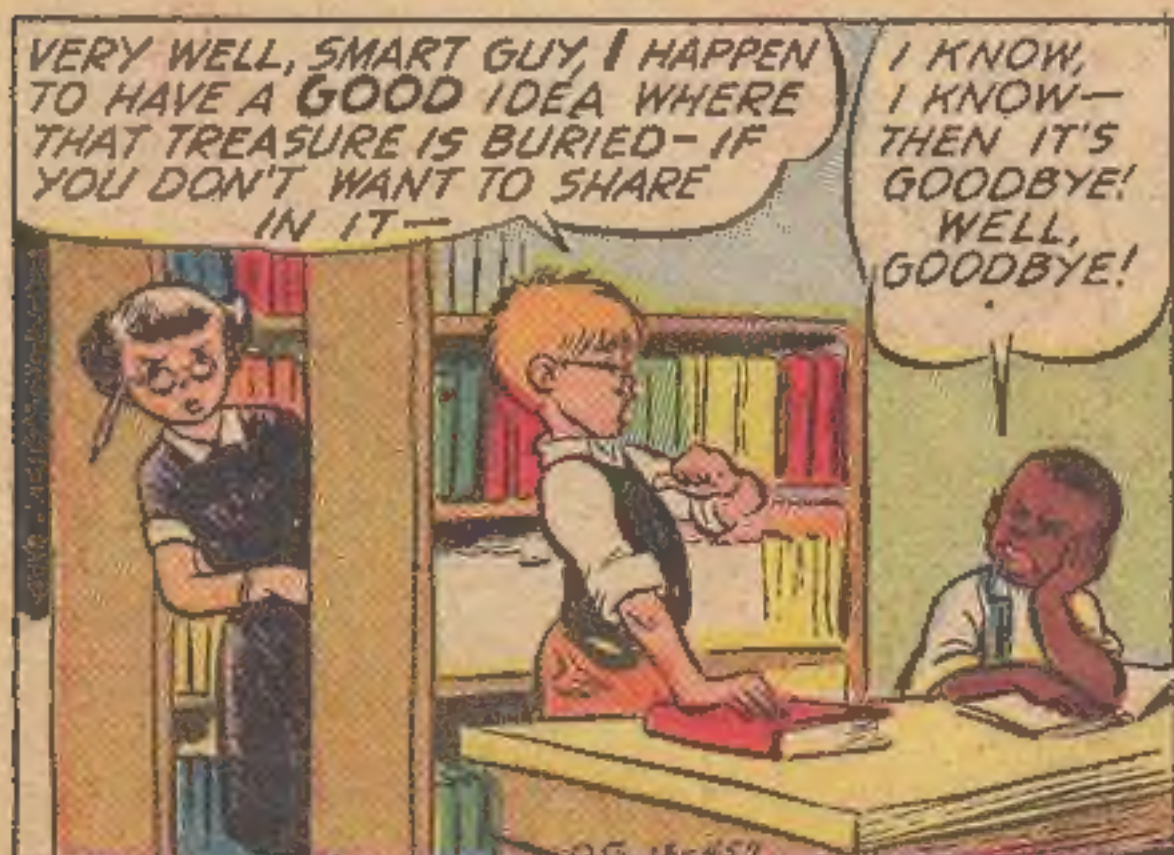


SO WHAT? IF I MAY BE SO BOLD?

SO WHAT?

IT STANDS TO REASON THAT THE TREASURE'S STILL HIDDEN—STILL THERE FOR THE TAKING...ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS—

SPEND THE REST OF OUR NATURAL LIVES LOOKING FOR IT? PARDON ME, BUDDY, I'M READING ABOUT SOMETHING SENSIBLE, PERPETUAL MOTION.



VERY WELL, SMART GUY, I HAPPEN TO HAVE A GOOD IDEA WHERE THAT TREASURE IS BURIED—IF YOU DON'T WANT TO SHARE IN IT—

I KNOW, I KNOW—THEN IT'S GOODBYE! WELL, GOODBYE!

AS FAR AS THIS LIBRARY IS CONCERNED, BOTH YOU BOYS CAN'T SAY GOOD BYE TOO SOON—YOU'RE VERY NOISY!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE THROWIN' US OUT AGAIN, MISS BROWN?

I WON'T BE THROWN OUT OF HERE WITH HIM! WE'RE ENEMIES!



AW, COME ON, BUCKY!
I REALLY DO HAVE
A GOOD IDEA ABOUT
THAT TREASURE.
BESIDES, THERE'S
NO SUCH THING AS
PERPETUAL MOTION.

WHY WE'RE IN
PERPETUAL MOTION
TOWARD THE DOOR
EVERY TIME WE
VISIT THE LIBRARY



LISTEN, WHAT CAN WE LOSE? YOU
KNOW THAT PLACE, INDIAN ROCK?
WELL, NOBODY KNOWS MUCH ABOUT THE
COUNTRY BACK OF THERE—IT'S WILD
AS ANYTHING!



NOW, WHY DID THOSE
KIDS HAVE TO READ
THAT? I'D BETTER
KEEP AN EYE ON
THEM—THEY'LL GET
INTO TROUBLE!



ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE SOLD ME!
LET'S GET RED AND JANET
AND EXPLORE UP BEHIND
INDIAN ROCK!

YOU RUN
HOME AND
GET READY.
I'LL GO PHONE
RED AND
JANET.



I'LL BE GERNED—NEVER
THOUGHT FROGGIE'D TALK
ME INTO IT!



HE WENT IN HERE—



LADY, A BOY JUST CAME
IN HERE, DIDN'T HE?

MY
BOY—
YES... WHY?



IF YOU WANT TO KEEP
THAT BOY HEALTHY AND
OUT OF TROUBLE, YOU'LL
KEEP HIM HOME TODAY
AND TOMORROW!



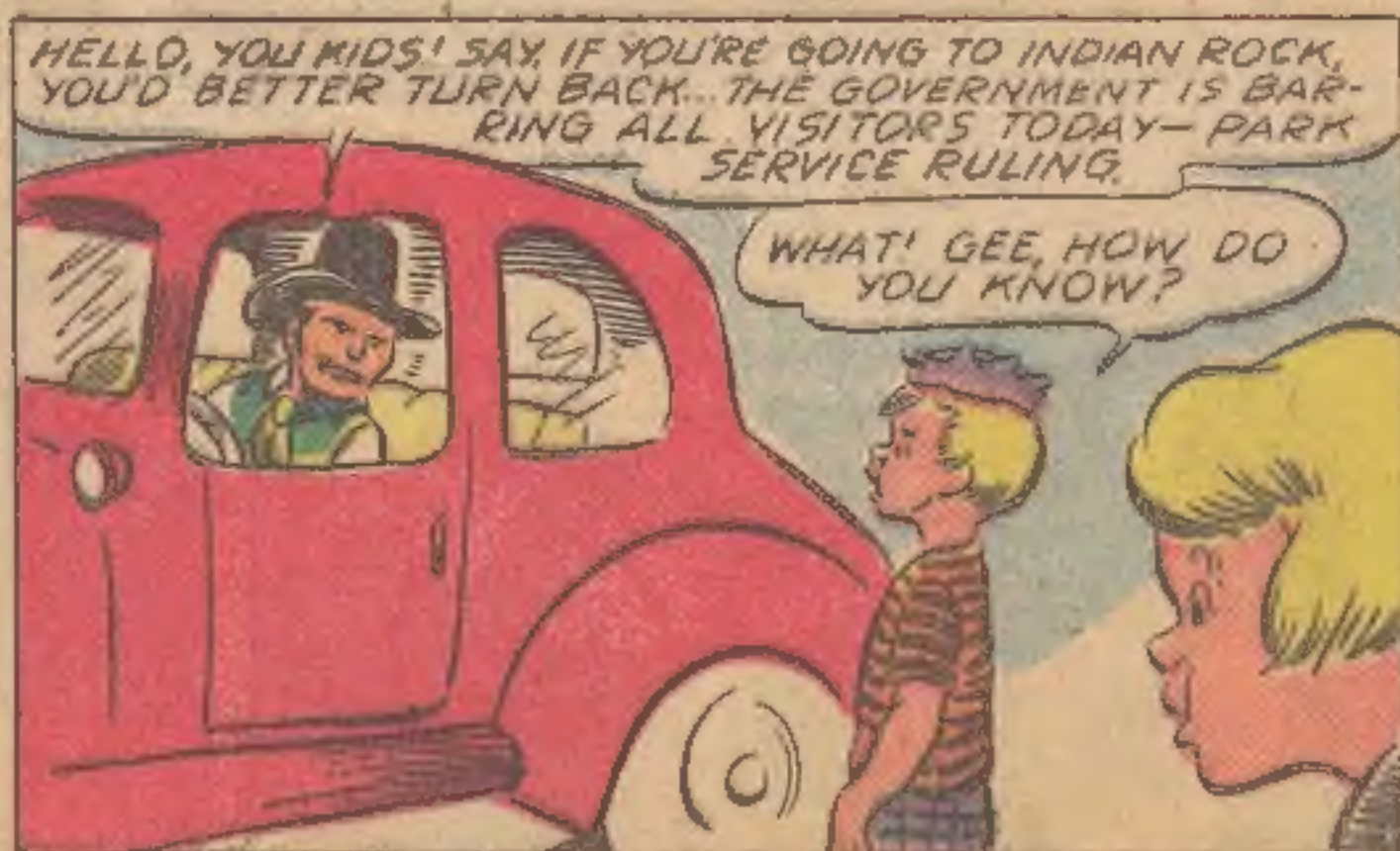
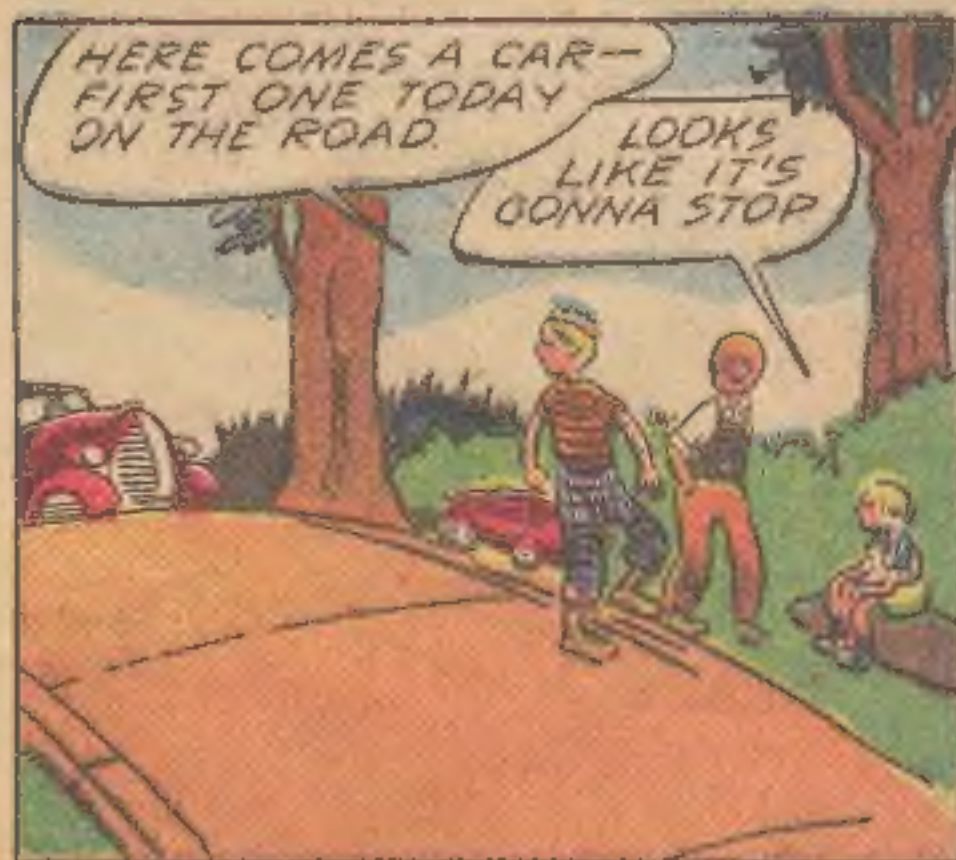
THAT'S ALL,
LADY—DON'T
LET THAT BOY
OUTSIDE!

WHAT ON EARTH? YOU
MUST HAVE THE WRONG
PLACE! MY BOY DOESN'T GET
IN TROUBLE

ALEXANDER, WHAT HAVE YOU
BEEN UP TO? A MAN WHO
LOOKED LIKE AN INDIAN
WAS JUST HERE... HE SAID
YOU'D BETTER STAY
HOME SAFE TODAY
AND TOMORROW!

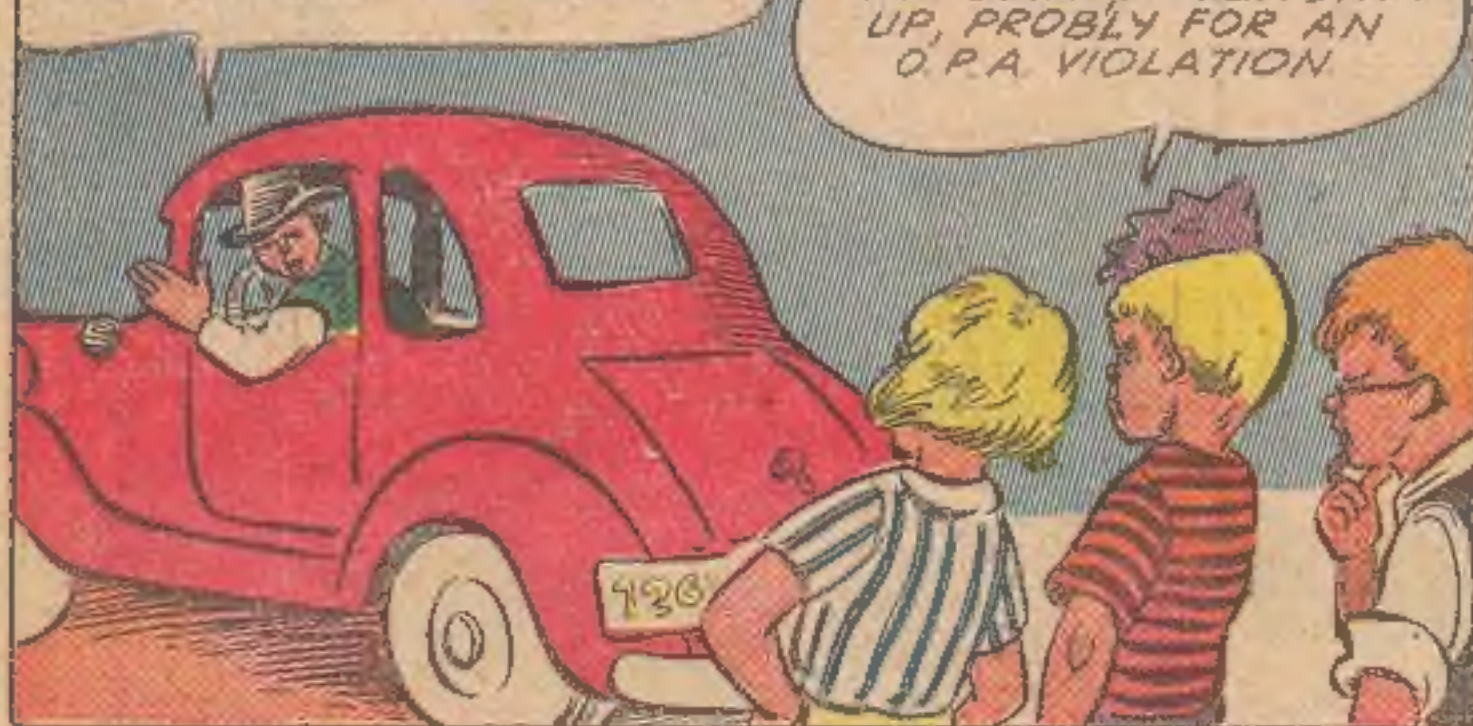


AN
INDIAN?



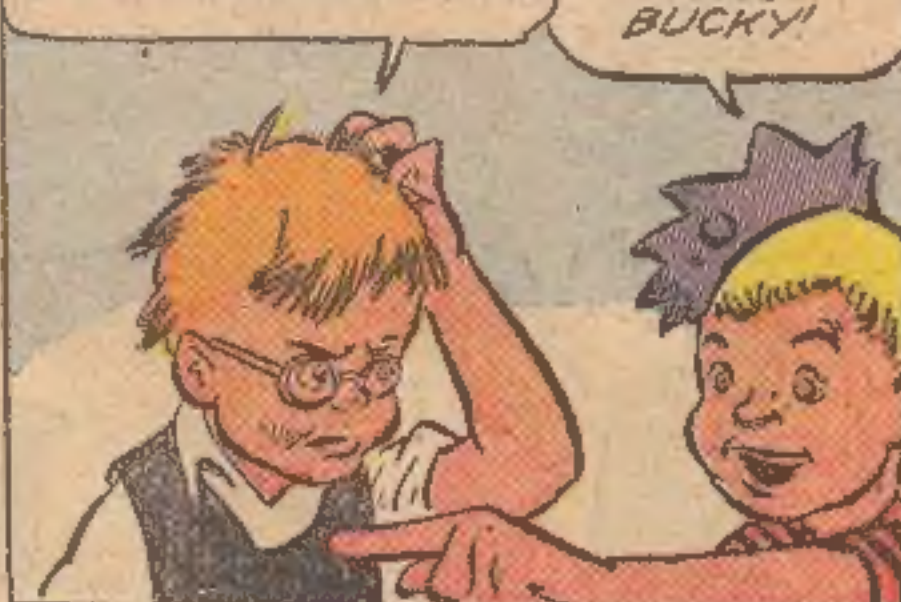
I'M A PARK GUARD... WE'RE UNDER ORDERS TO KEEP EVERYBODY OUT—SORRY! SO LONG!

WELL, REAP MY PLEATS! HOW'D YA LIKE THAT? THE JOINT'S BEEN SHUT UP, PROBL'Y FOR AN O.P.A. VIOLATION.



Y'KNOW, SOMETHING'S SCREWY ABOUT WHAT HE SAID, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT—AND WHERE HAVE I SEEN THAT BIRD BEFORE?

PROBL'Y IN A BOX OF POPCORN—HEY, LOOK! HERE COMES BUCKY!



OH MAN—HOOF-PLUFF-HUFF—DON'T GO—HUFF—MFF—UFF—TO IND—HUFF—INDIAN—PUFF—ROCK—MMF!

BEARING THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX? CALM DOWN, KID!



OH-BOY—I RAN ALL THE WAY!

YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME TO GO HOME.



HEY, I GOT IT! I KNOW WHAT WAS WRONG WITH THAT INDIAN WHO SAID HE WAS A PARK GUARD... INDIAN ROCK IS A PRESERVE, NOT A PARK. THERE ARE NO GUARDS THERE—HE'S CRAZY!



AN INDIAN—!? THAT'S WHY I CAME AFTER YOU SO FAST! TO TELL YOU AN INDIAN WARNED MY MOTHER TO KEEP ME HOME!

WARNED HER?



NOW I REMEMBER! THERE WAS AN INDIAN IN THE LIBRARY—HE HEARD US TALKING ABOUT THE TREASURE.



AN' HE'S PULLING THIS ACT ABOUT THE PARK TO KEEP US AWAY—THE TREASURE REALLY IS UP AT INDIAN ROCK!



AN' HE THINKS HE CAN SCARE US OFF, HEY!? WELL, HE'S RIGHT! I'M GOIN' HOME!

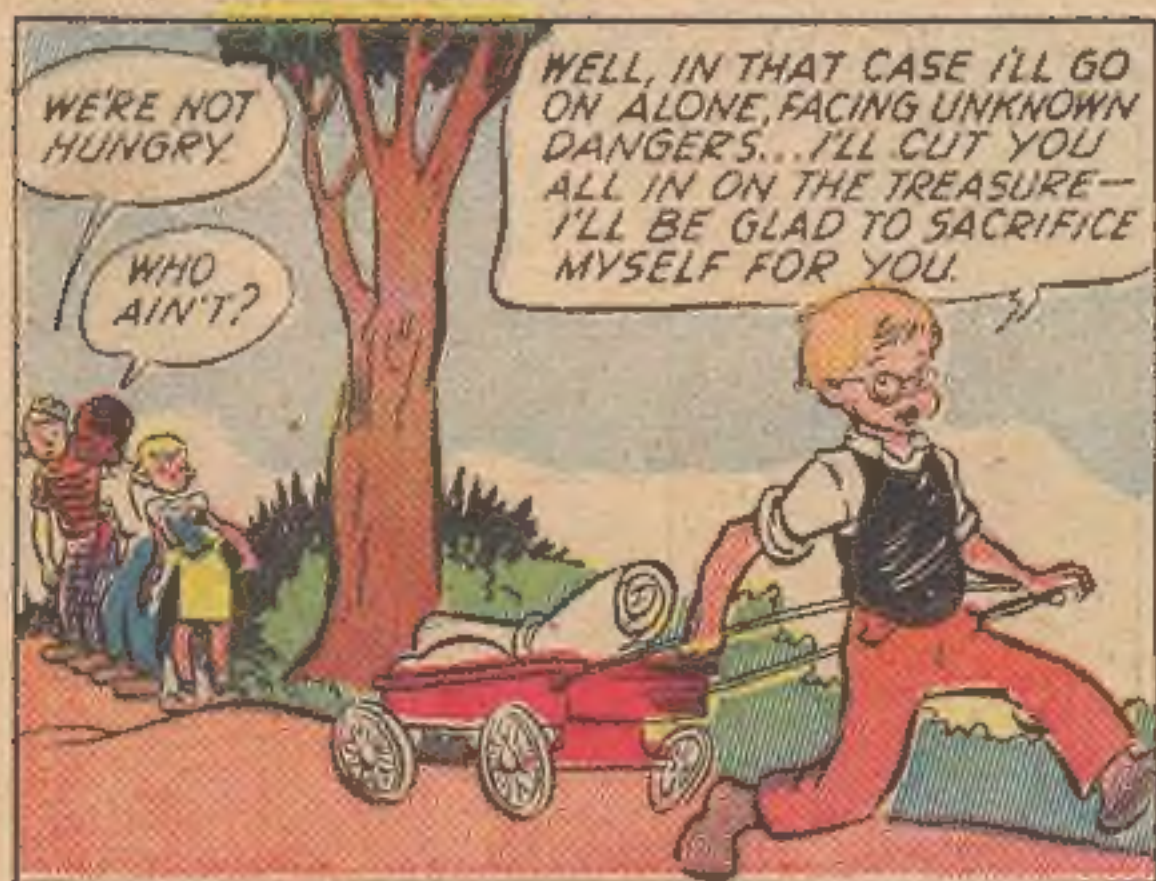
WAIT FOR ME! I DON'T SCARE EASY, EITHER—AN' THIS WASN'T EASY—I HAD TO RUN TWO MILES! NOW I'M GOIN' HOME, TOO.



WELL, I DON'T WANT TO HOLD YOU BOYS BACK... I'LL GO ALONG, TOO.

SO YOU'RE ALL QUITTIN' WHEN IT GETS INTERESTIN' OR DID YOU FORGET I HAVE ALL THE LUNCH IN THE WAGON?





WE'RE NOT HUNGRY.

WHO AIN'T?

WELL, IN THAT CASE I'LL GO ON ALONE, FACING UNKNOWN DANGERS... I'LL CUT YOU ALL IN ON THE TREASURE—I'LL BE GLAD TO SACRIFICE MYSELF FOR YOU.



I HATE GUYS WHO HAVE TO BE HEROES

SPECIALLY WHEN THEY GOT THE LUNCH

YEAH, WE BETTER GO ALONG WITH YOU, FROGGIE. YOU'LL NEVER COME OUT ALIVE, BY YOURSELF.



HERE'S THE LITTLE SIDE ROAD LEADING AROUND TO THE TRAIL UP THE - ROCK.



THOSE KIDS ARE STUBBORN—I GUESS I MADE A MISTAKE... I AROUSED THEIR CURIOSITY INSTEAD OF SCARING THEM.



ONLY ONE THING TO DO—CALL UP THE CHIEF.



HELLO, CHIEF! I'M UP ON THE LOOK-OUT... SOME KIDS ARE GOING INTO THE AREA. CAN YA GET EVERYTHING OUT OF SIGHT? I'LL TRY TO SCARE 'EM OFF.



YOU BETTER KEEP THOSE KIDS OUT OF HERE, JOE... IT'S UP TO YOU—WE CAN'T HIDE EVERYTHING IN A MINUTE, OR EVEN IN A AFTERNOON.

WOT'S DIS? KEEDS? HOW COME JOE LAT THAM UP HERE?



WHAN YOU GUYS GAT DE BARREL EEN DEES JOB, YOU PROMISE NOTHEENG GONE WRONG



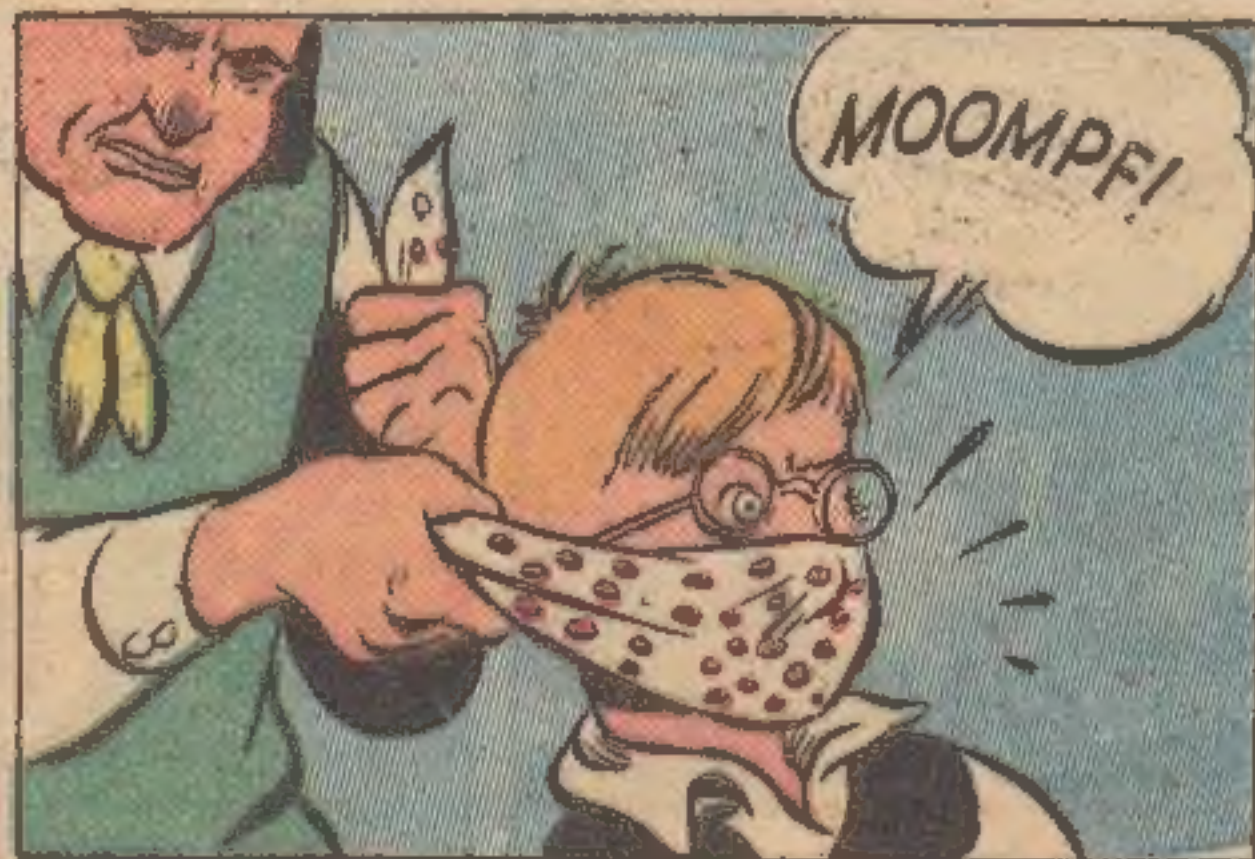
LOOK, BARREL, SOMETHING ALWAYS COMES UP ON THESE JOBS... THE LAST TIME YOU WERE CAUGHT, IT WAS KIDS THAT TIPPED OFF THE COPS.

SO I HATE THAM!

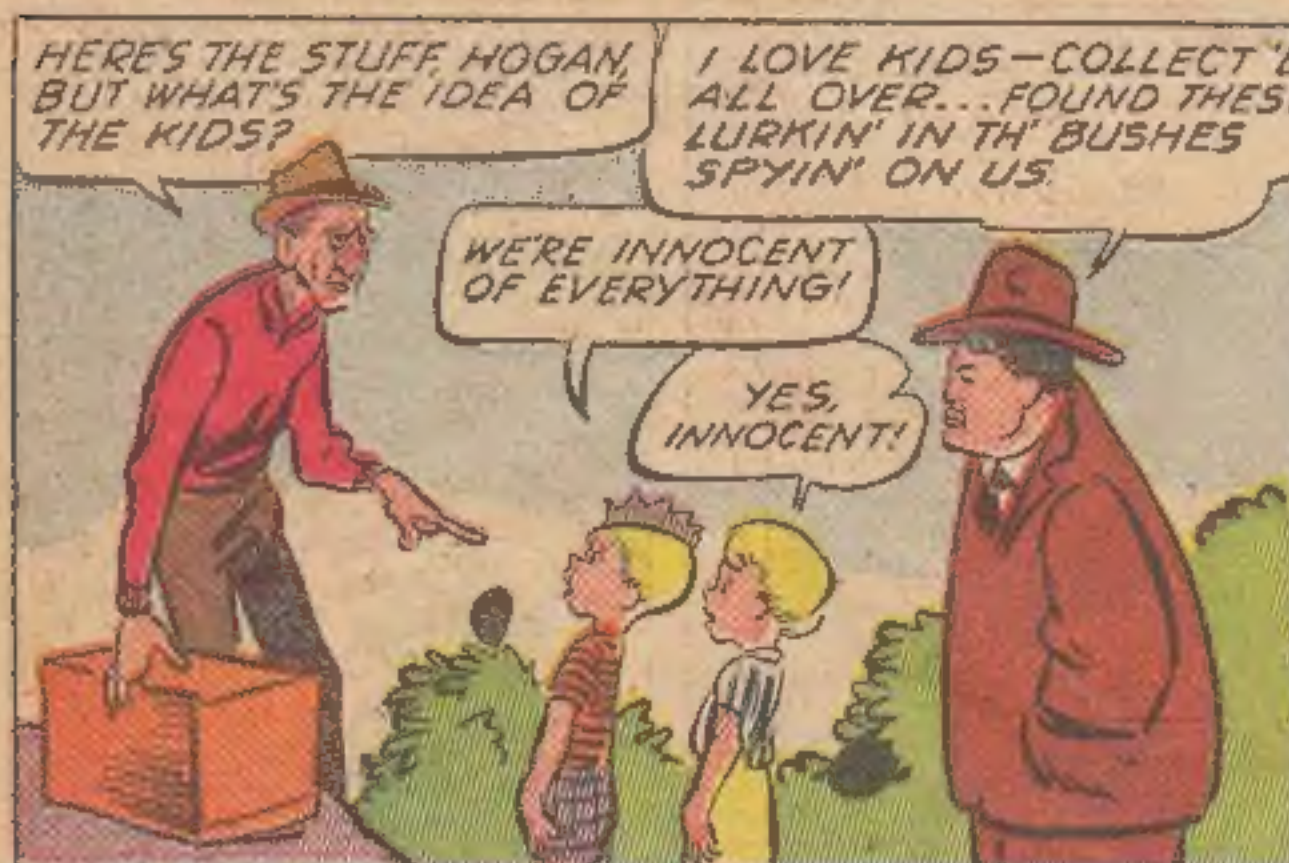
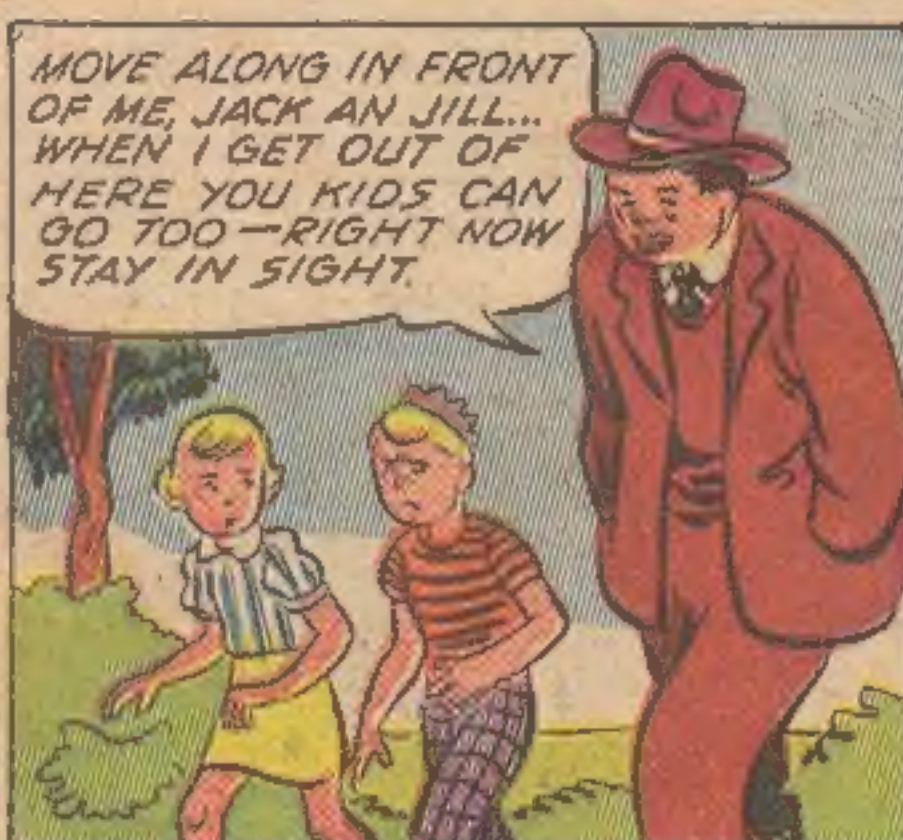
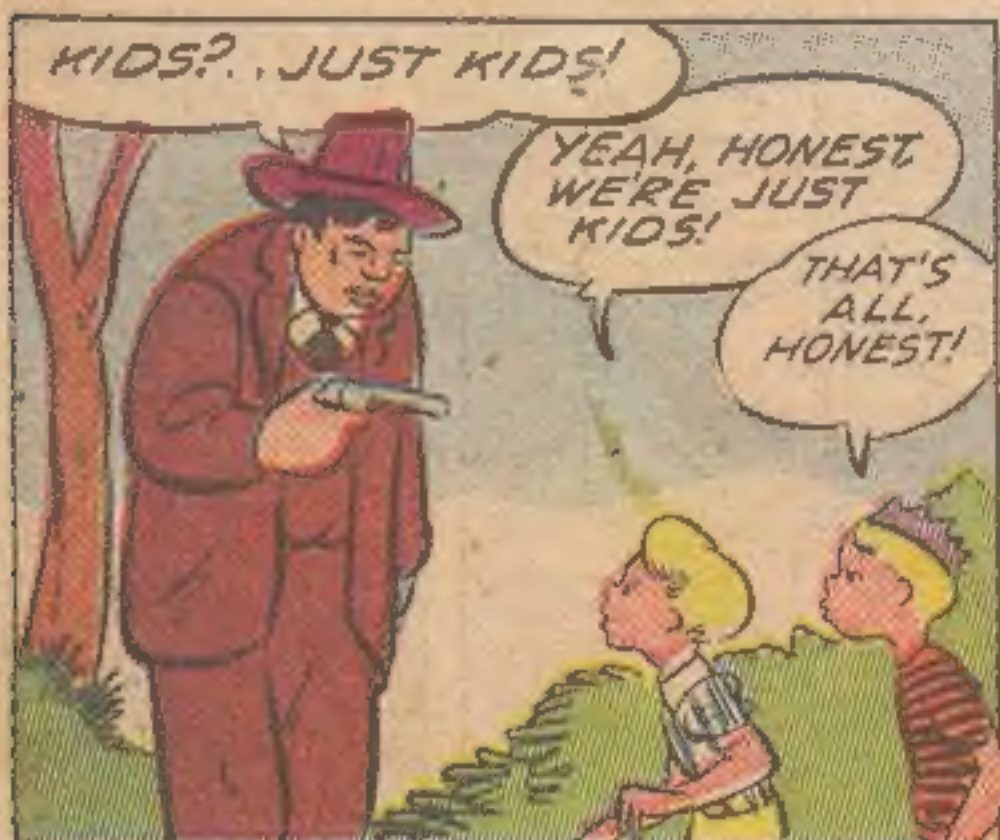
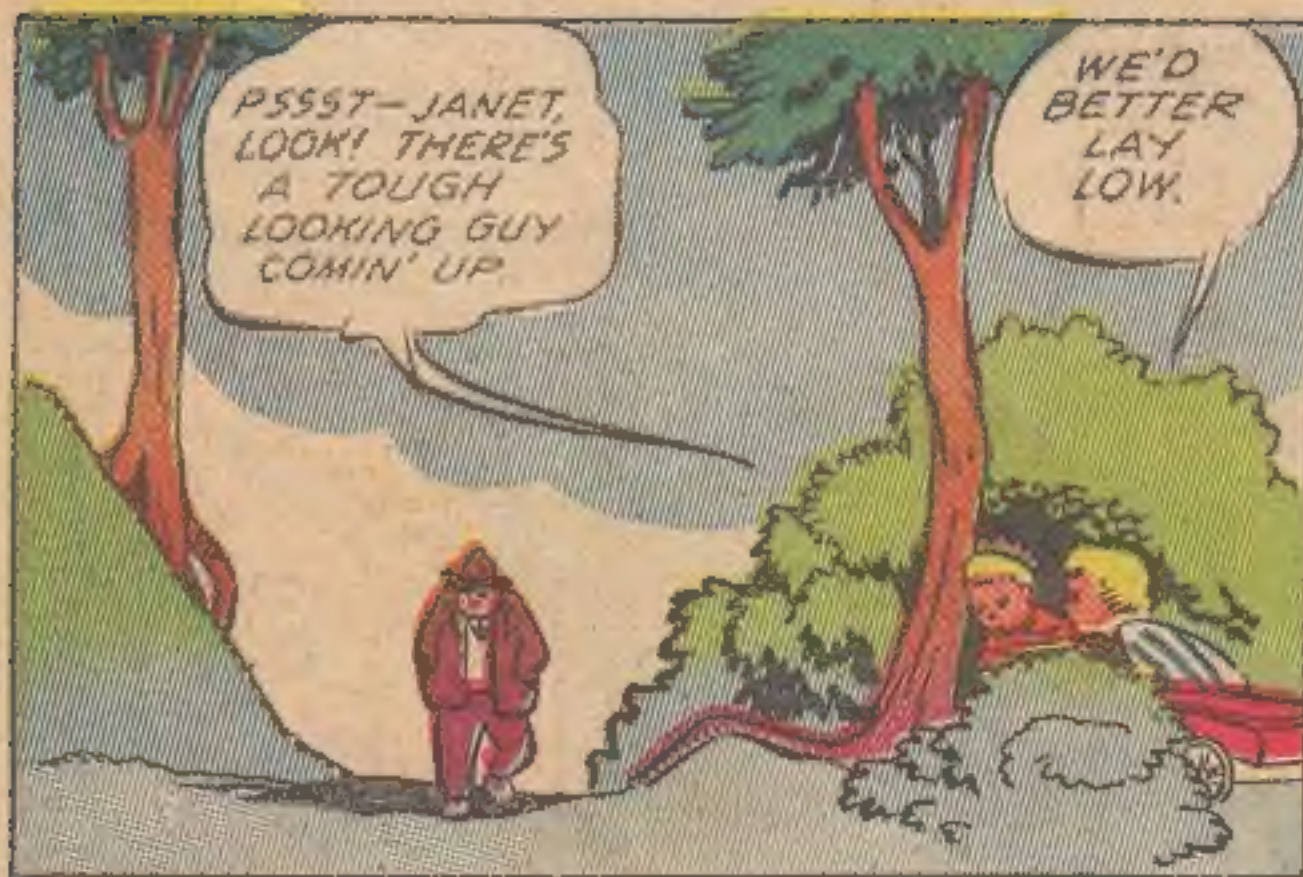


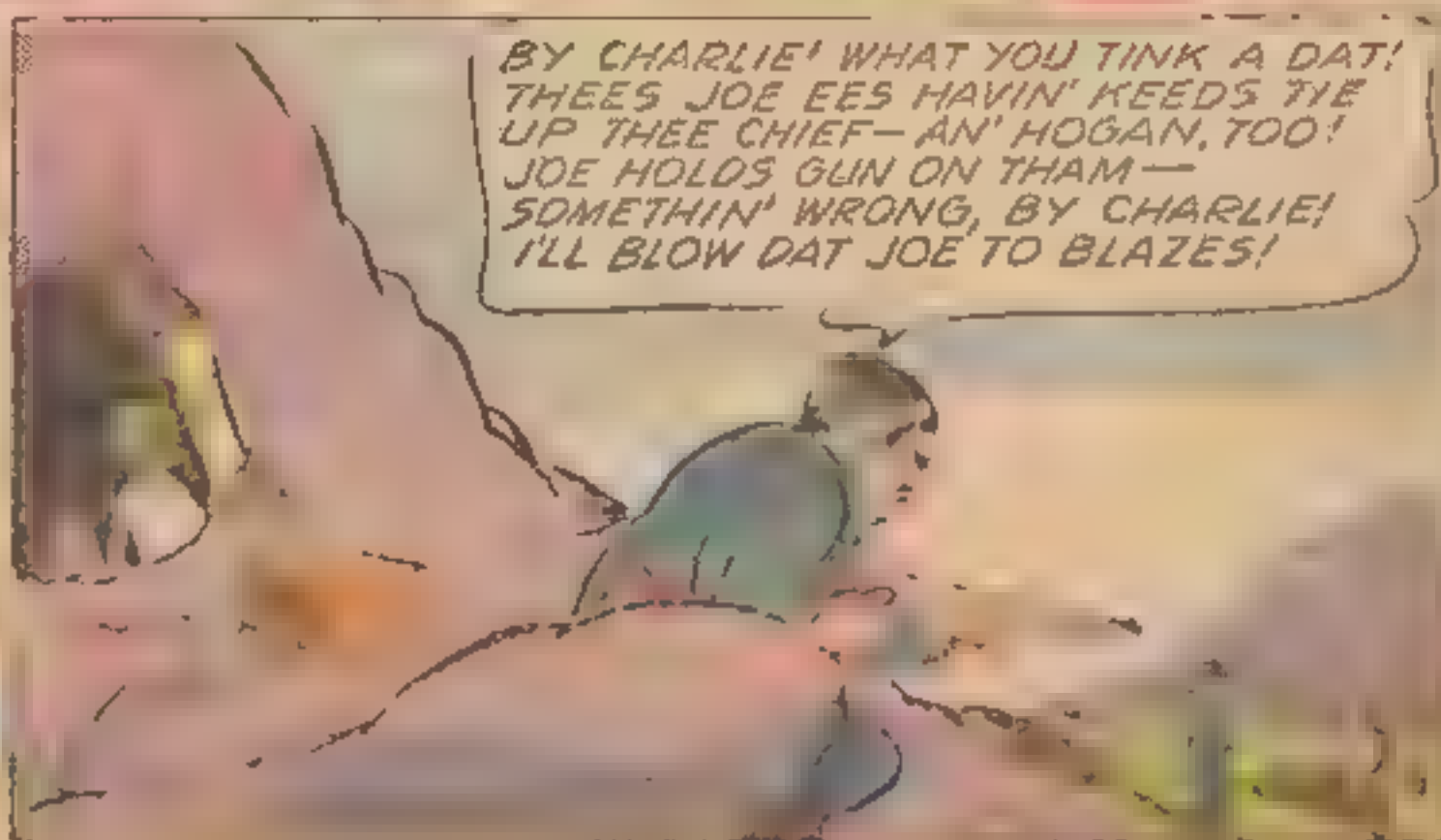
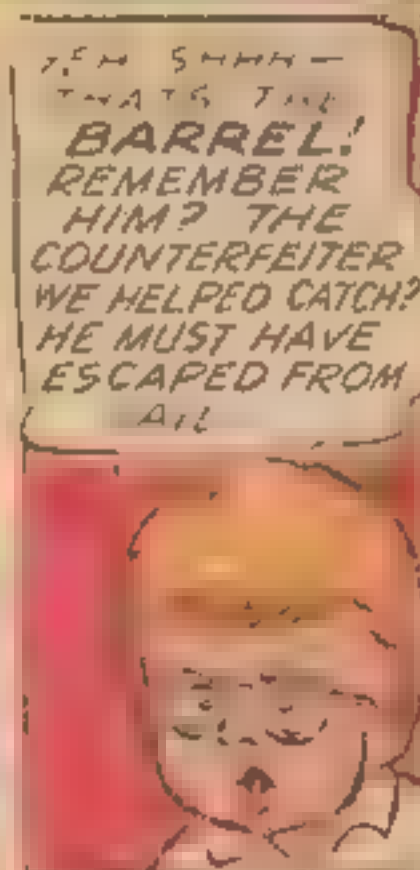
WELL, WE GOT ALL THE NOTES PRINTED... WE'LL CRATE 'EM UP AND JOE WILL TAKE 'EM INTO TOWN TOMORROW.

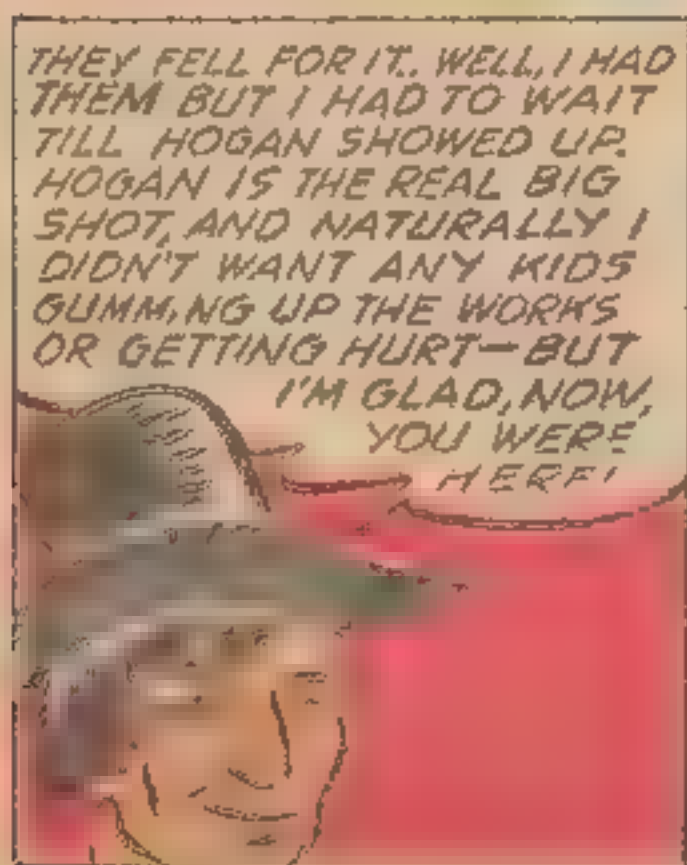
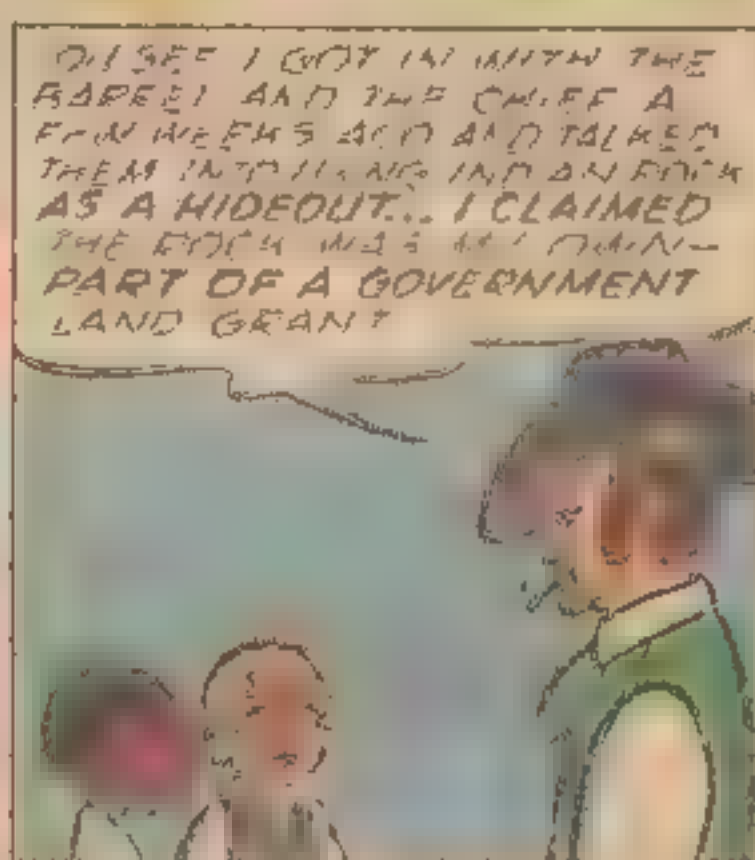
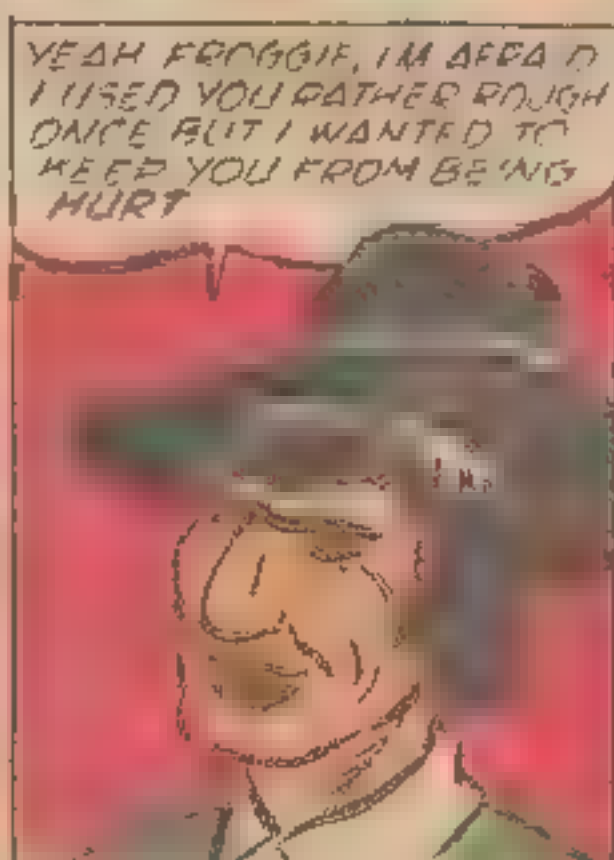
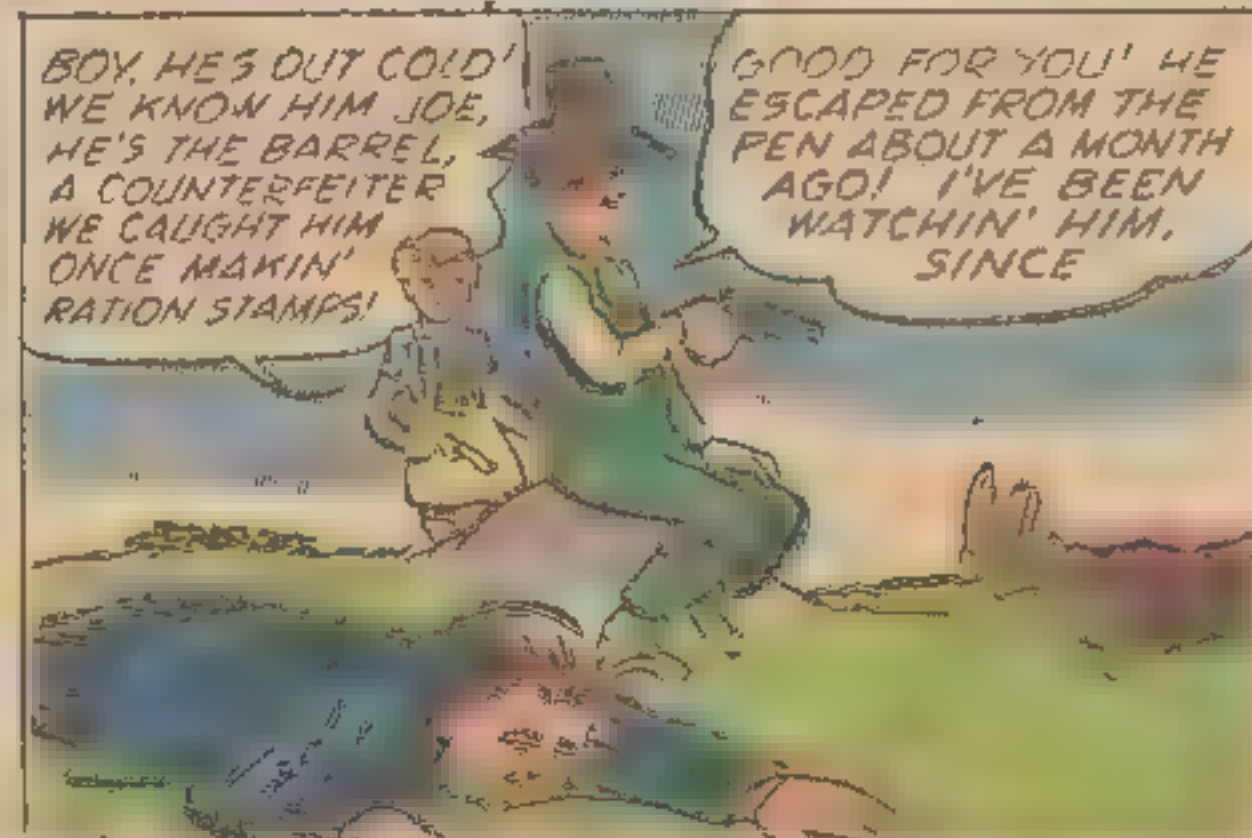
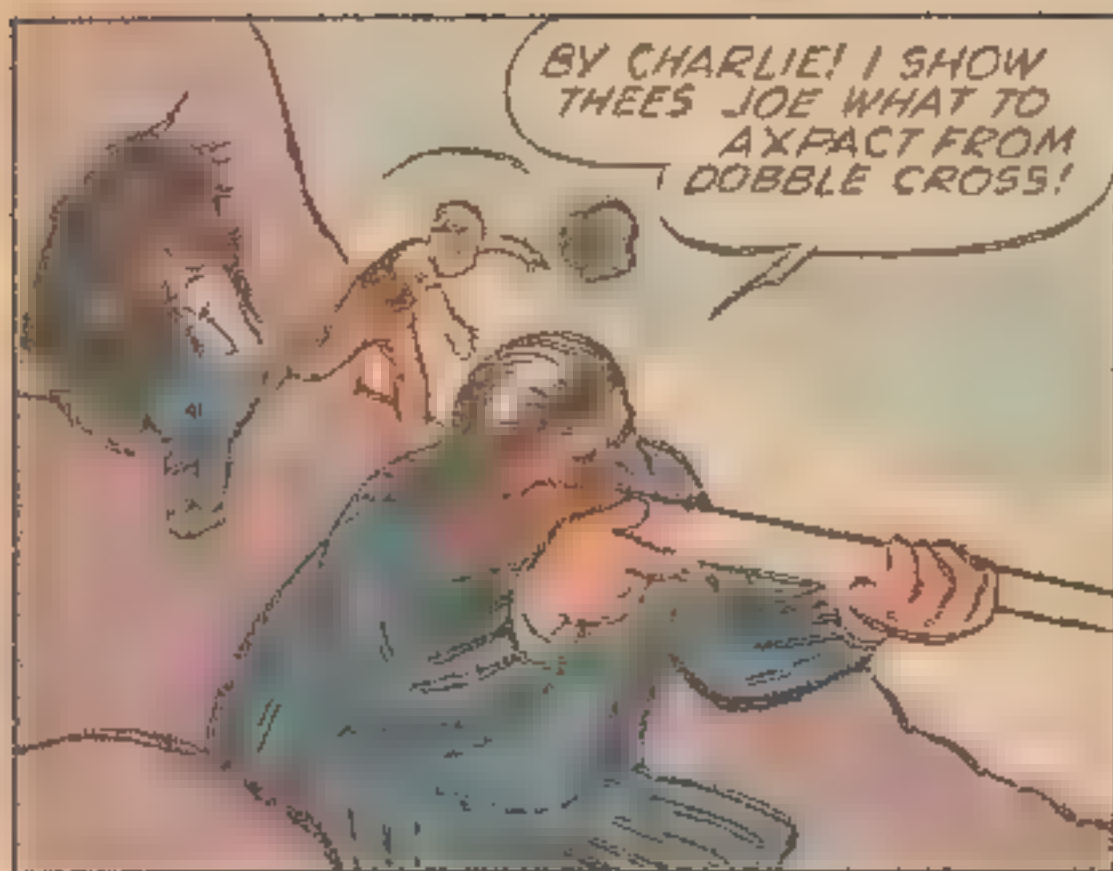
JOE WAS S'POSED TO MEET DIS CONTACT MAN EEN PUBLIC LIBRARY... WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE HONDERD FEEFTY 'TOUSAND DOLLAR IN FAKE BEELS AROUN' TOO LONG.





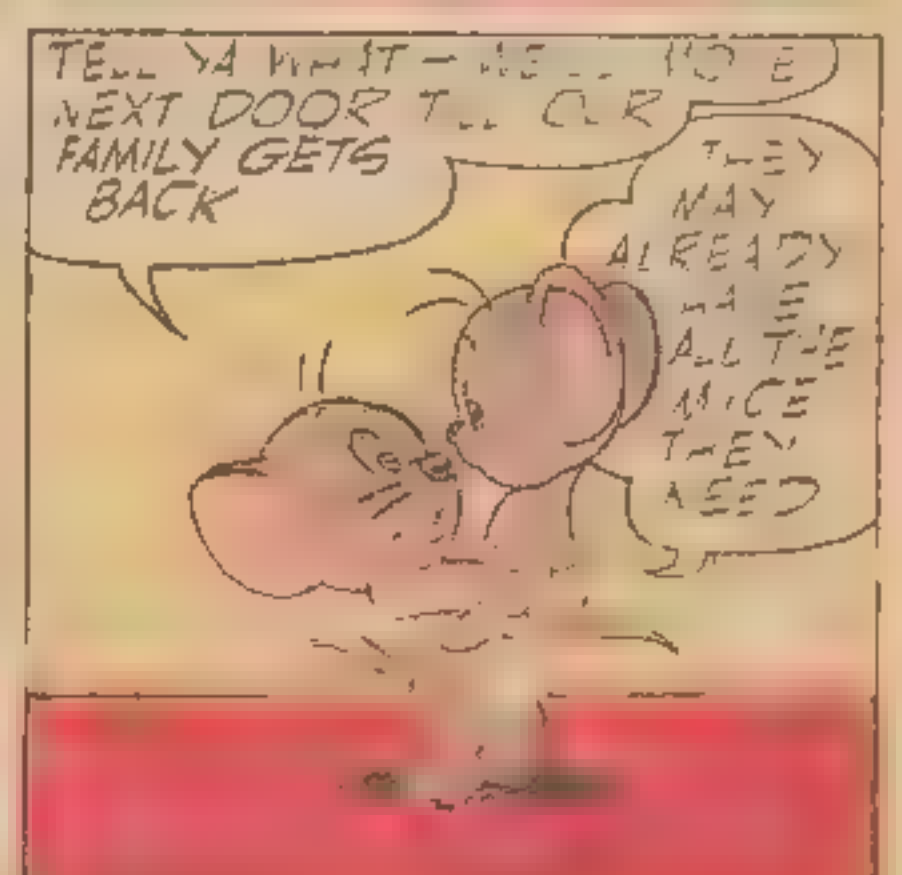
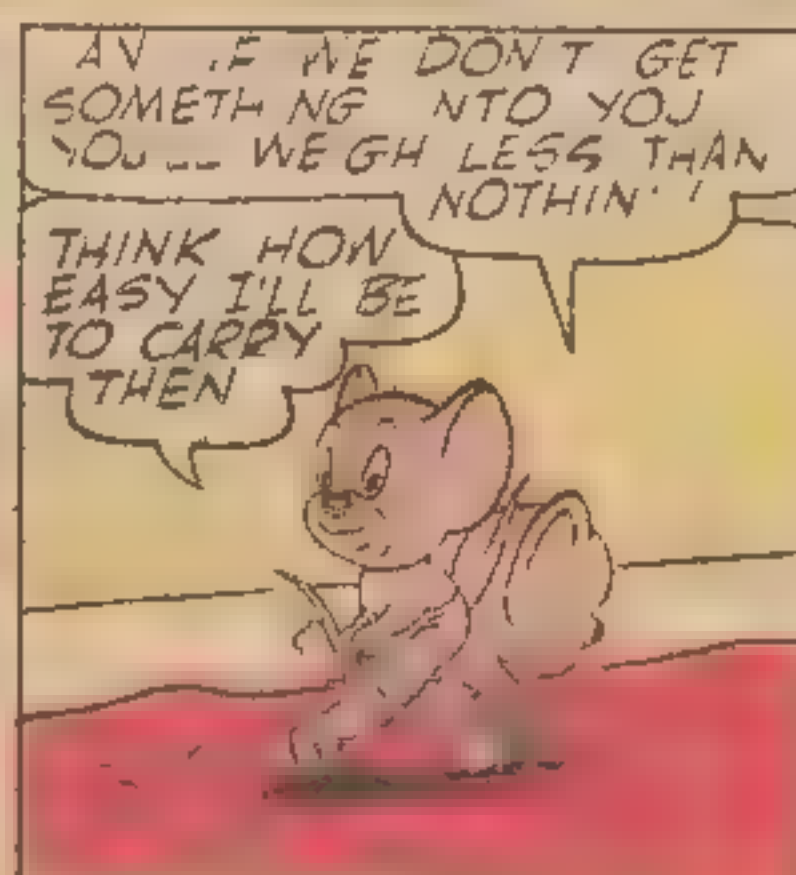
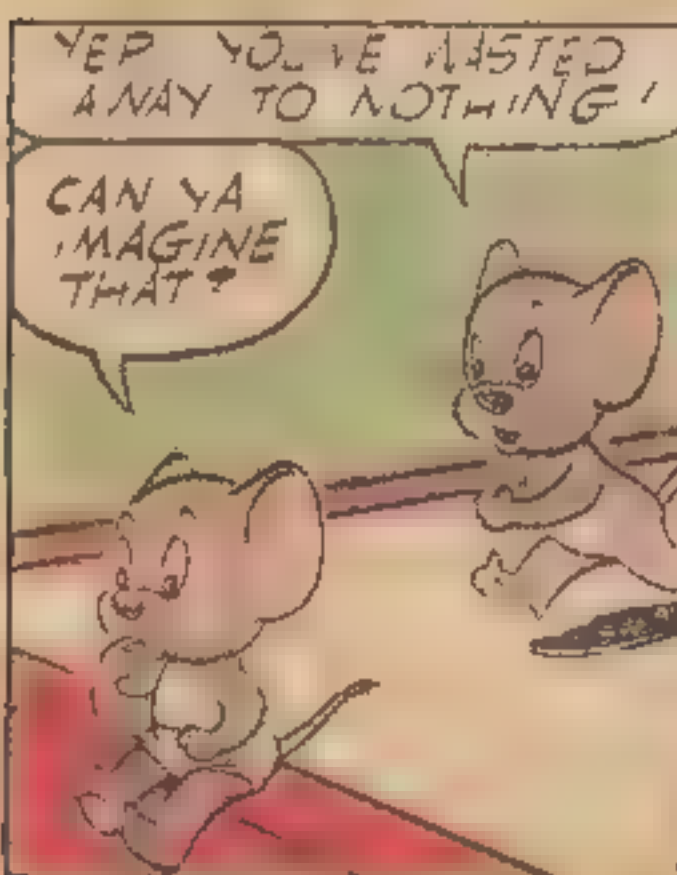
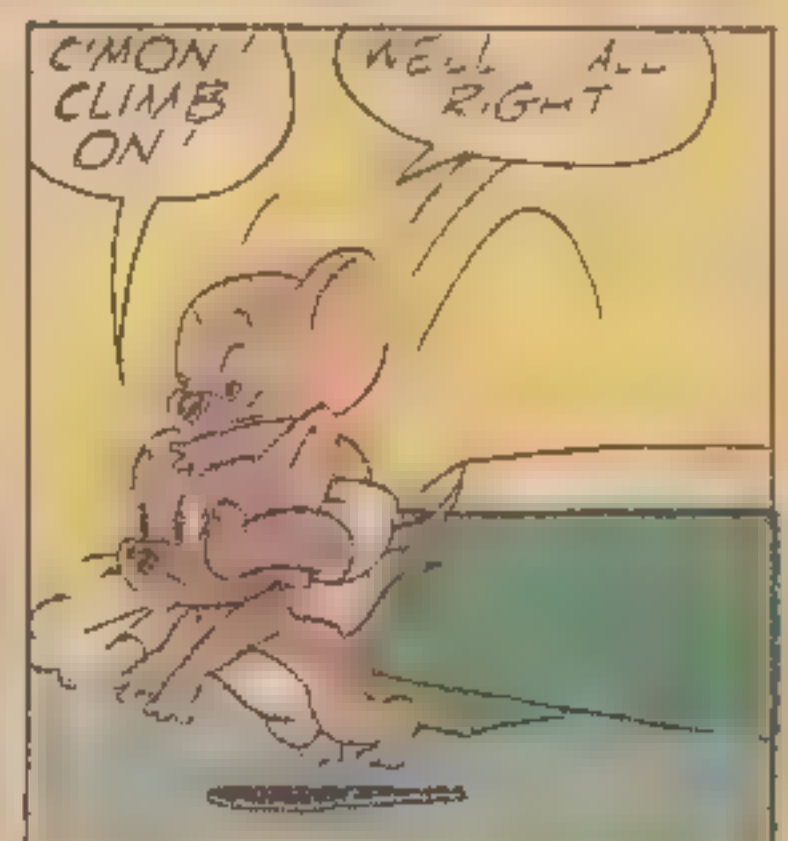
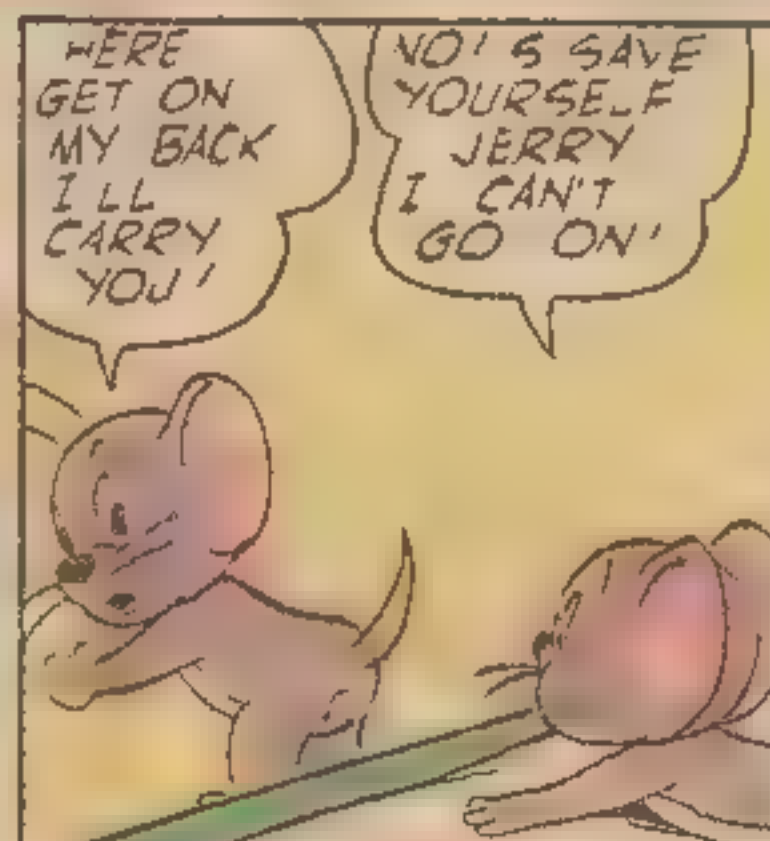
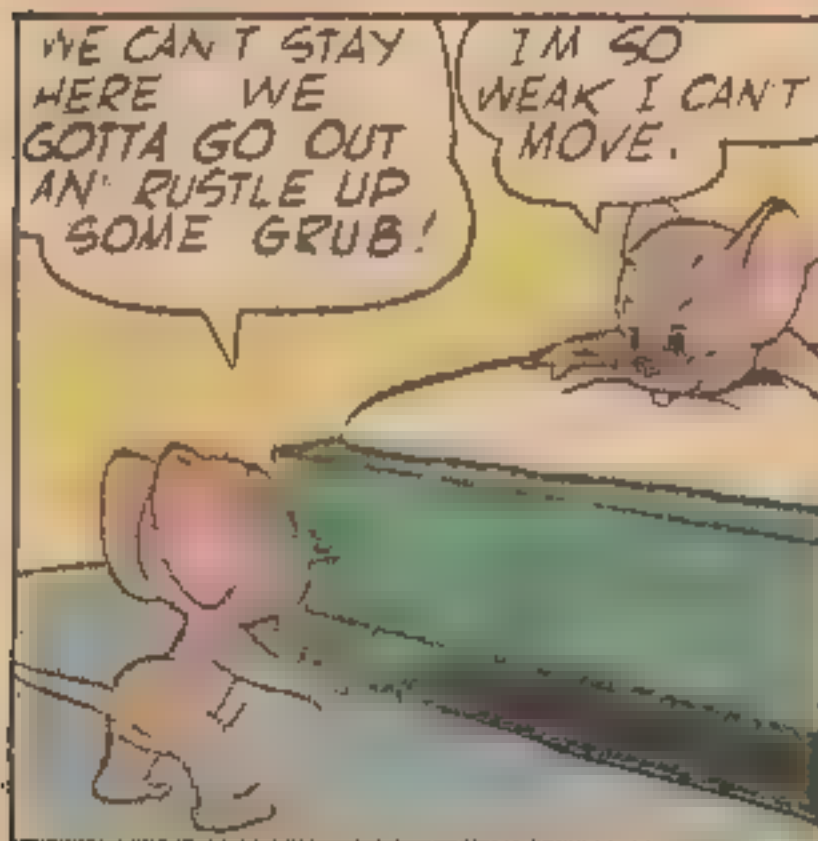
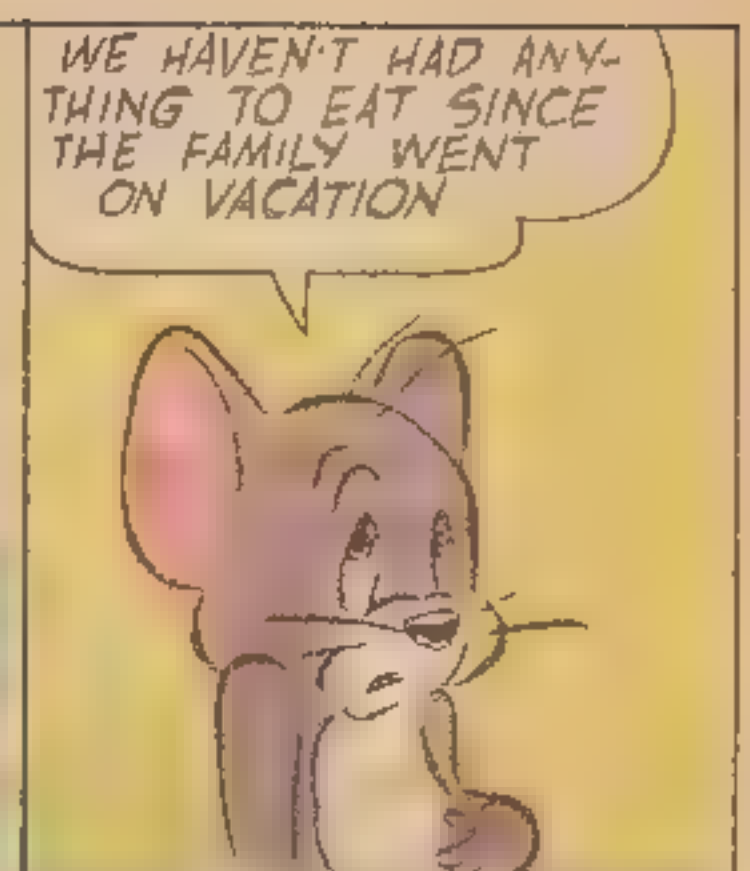


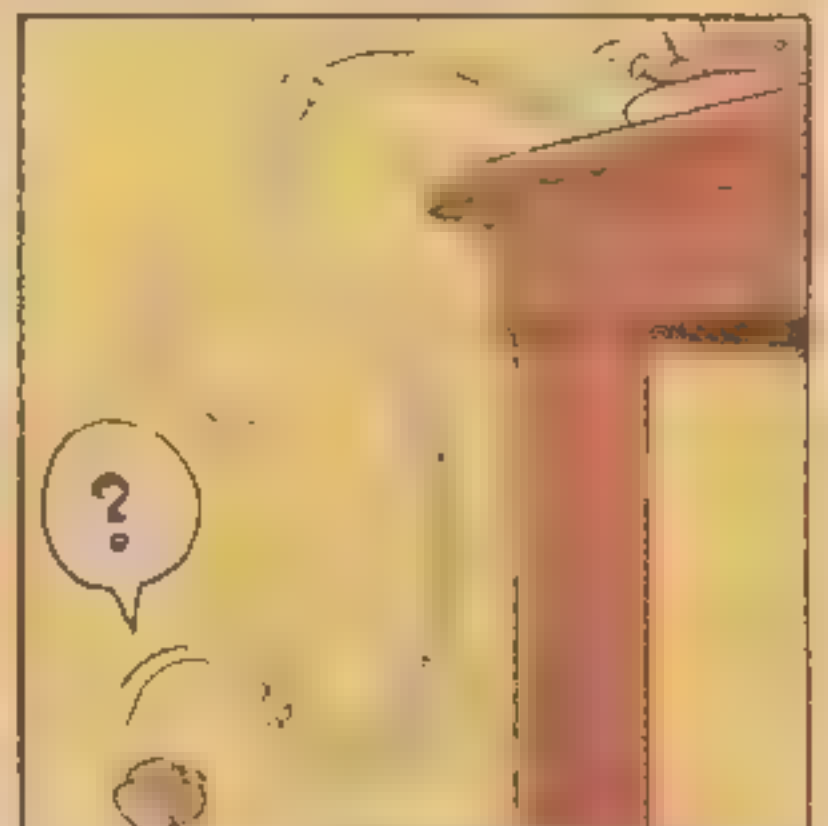
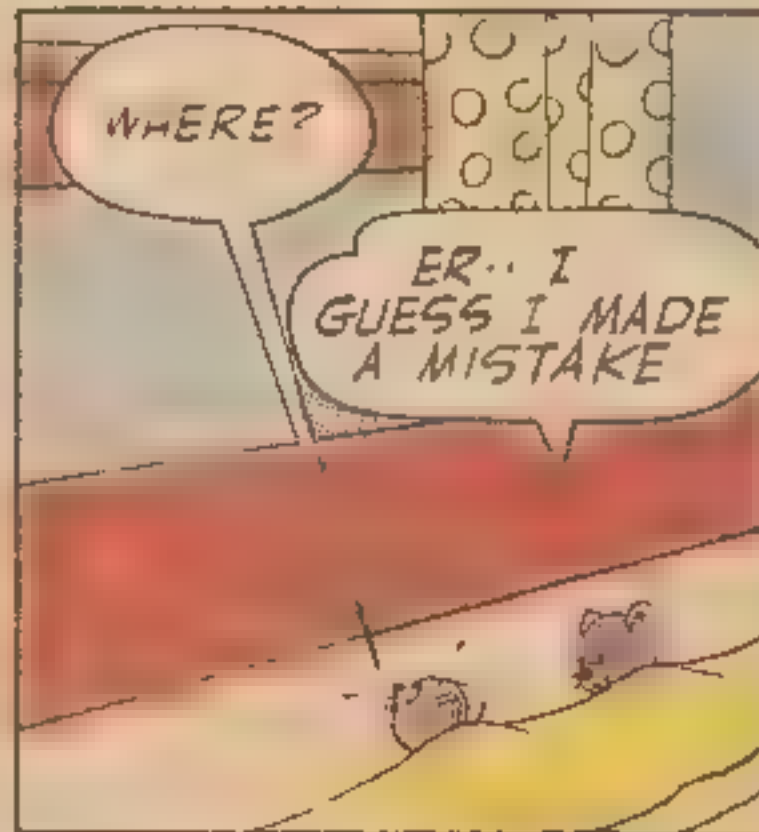
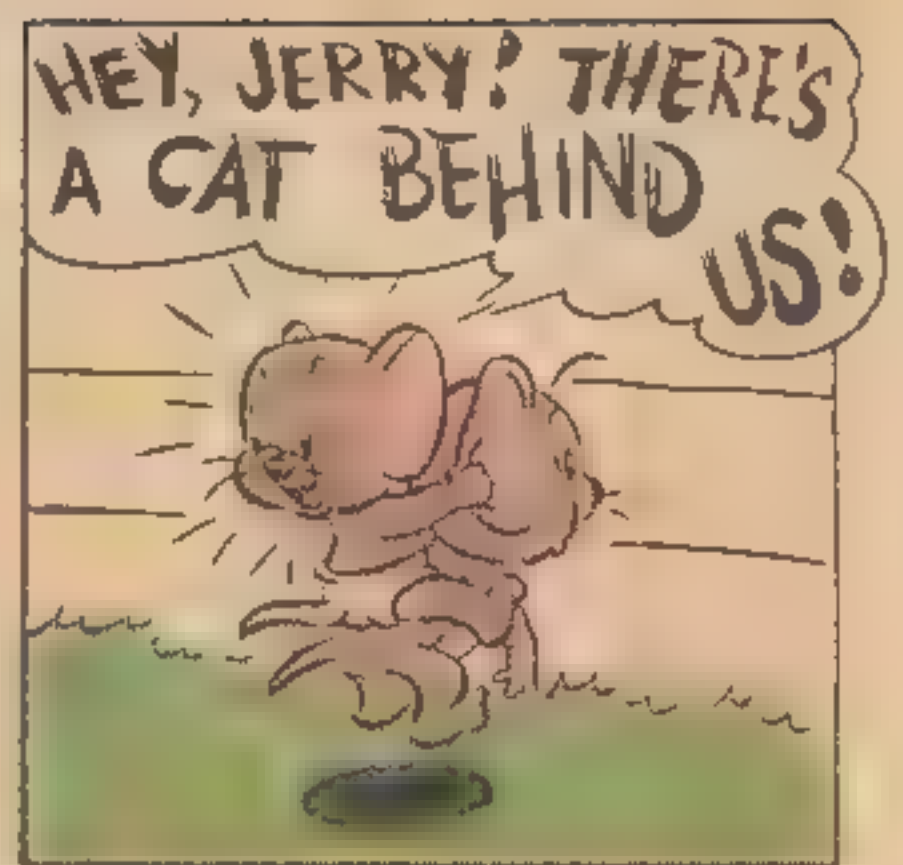


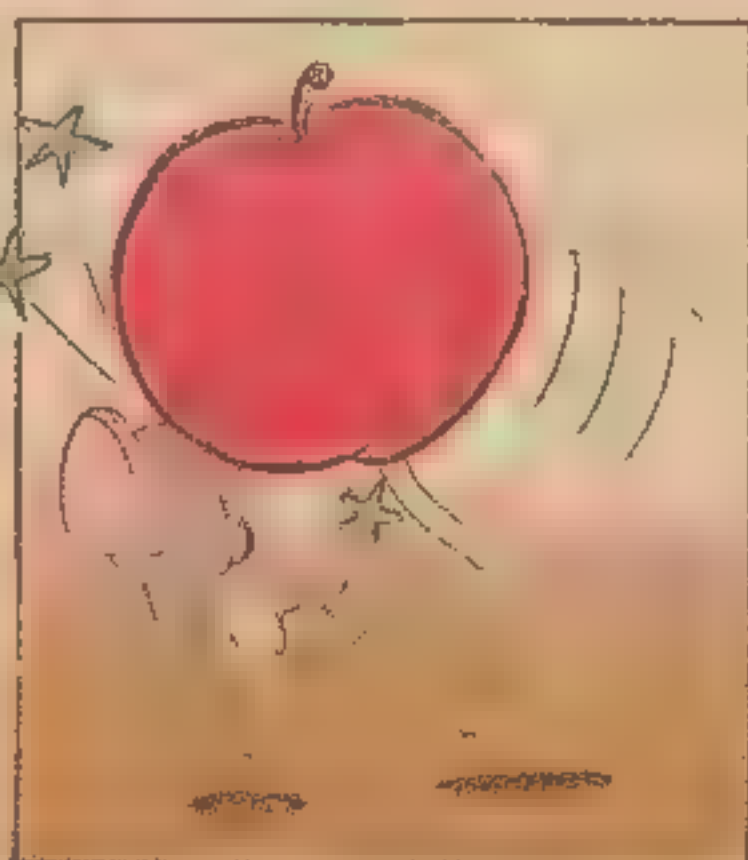
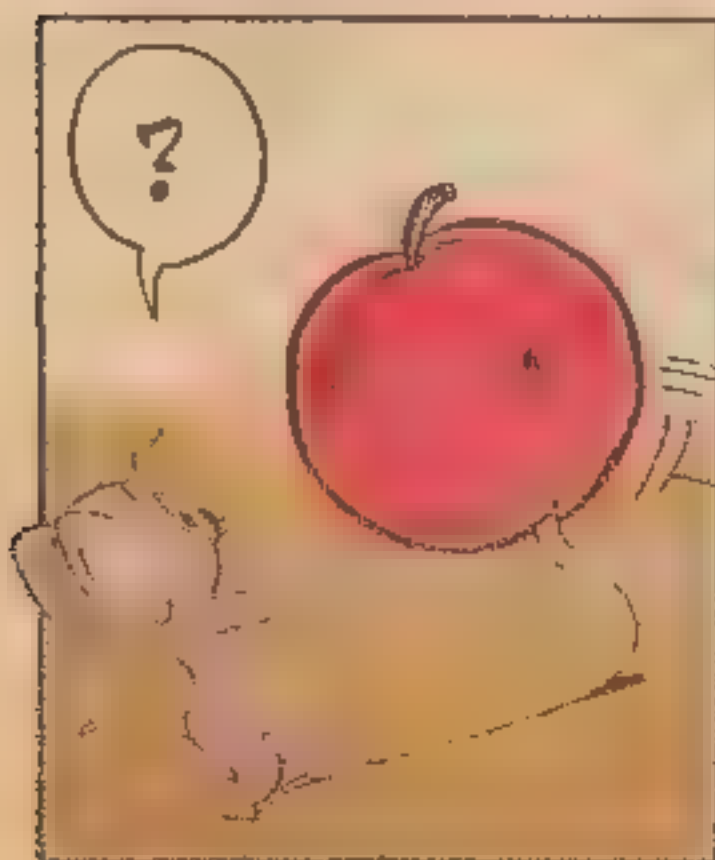
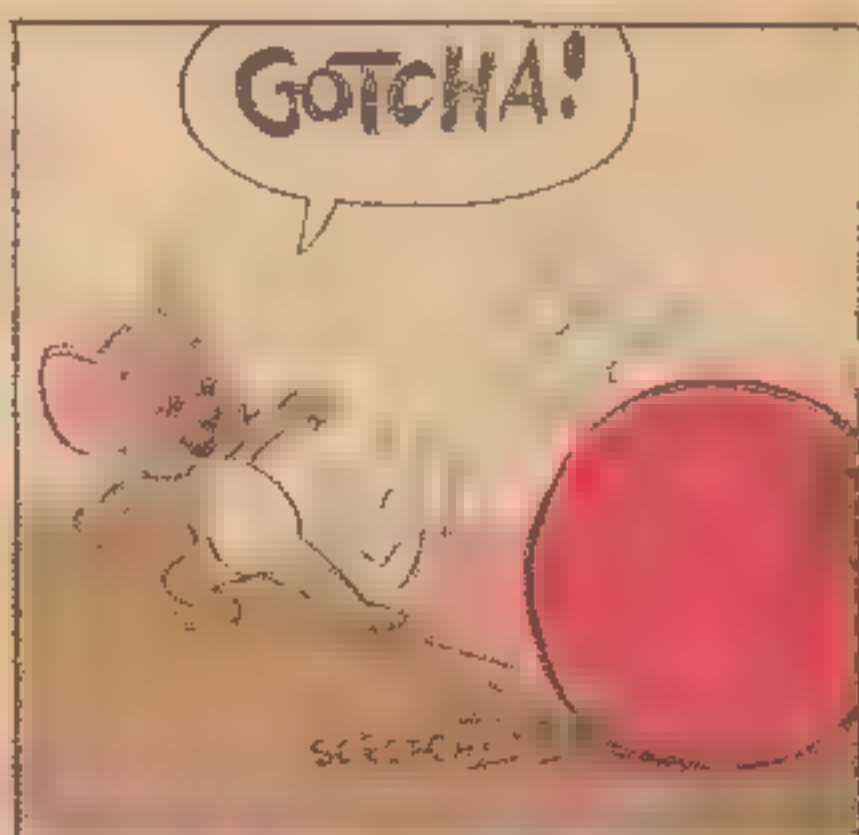
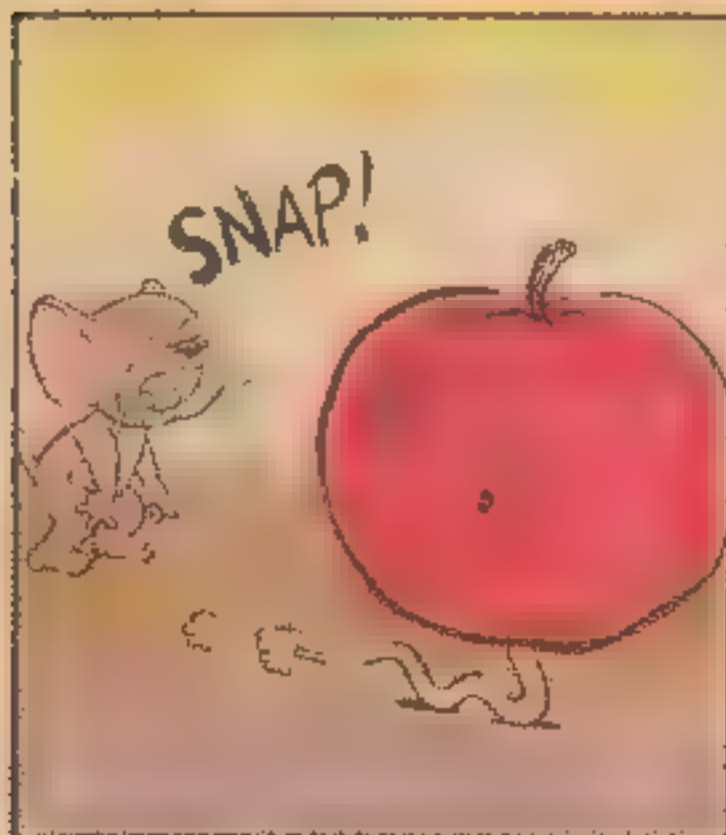
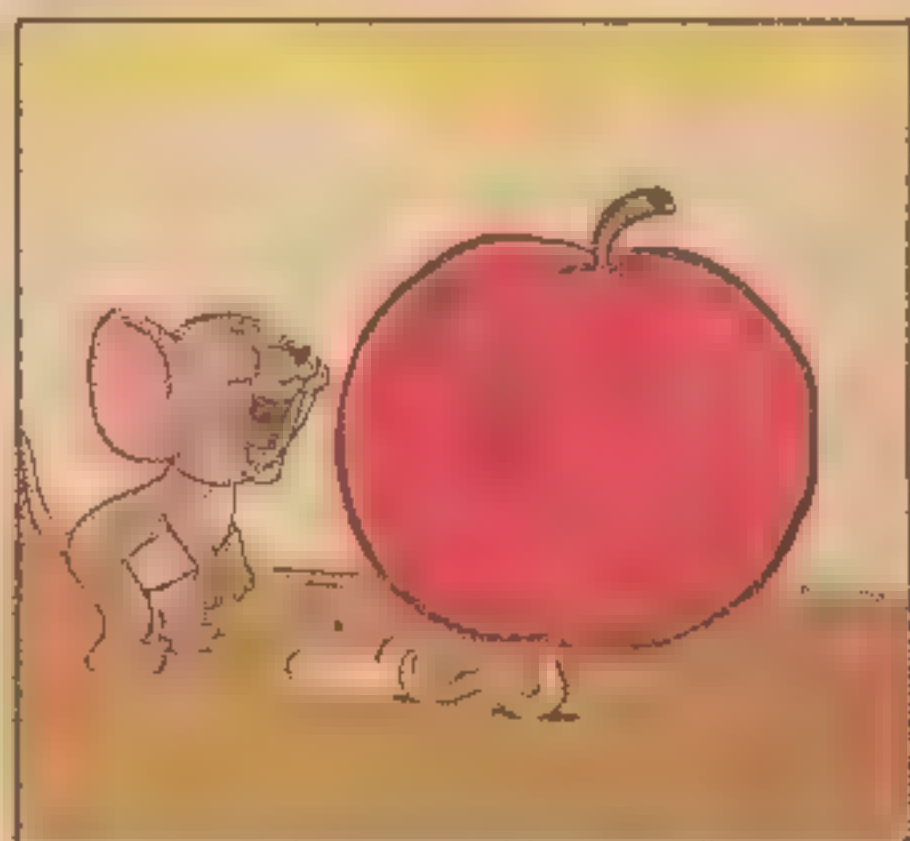
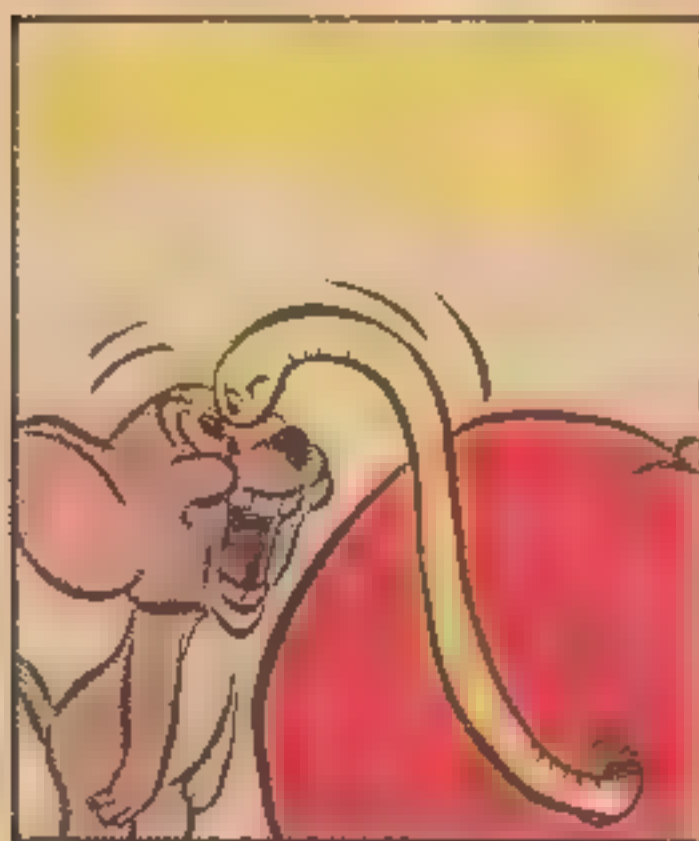
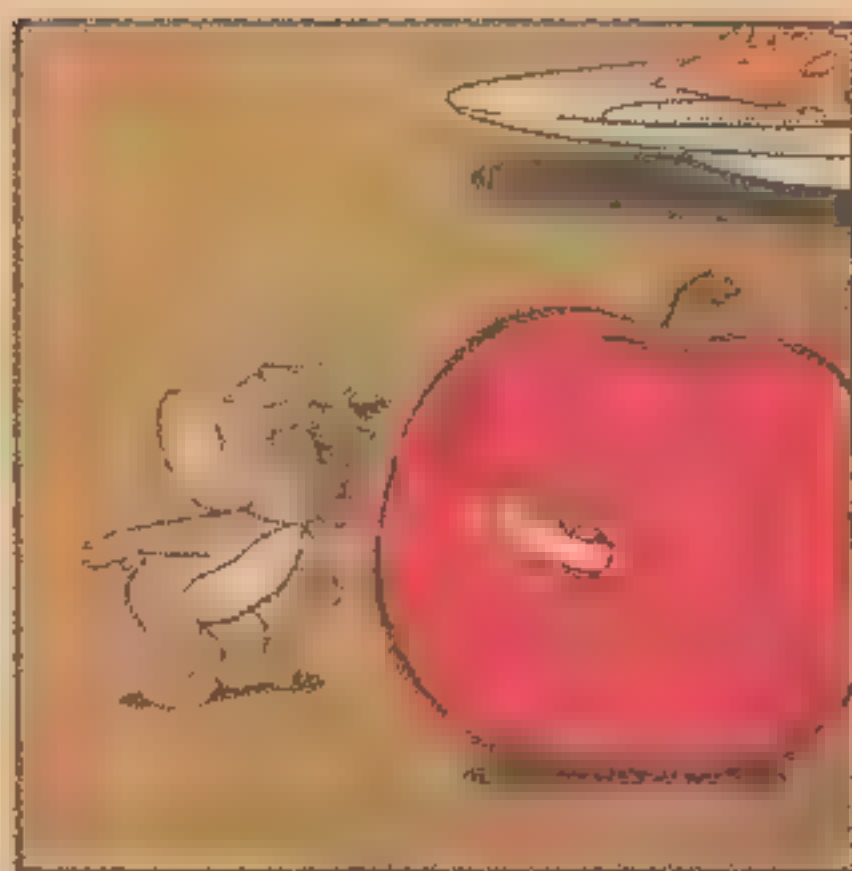
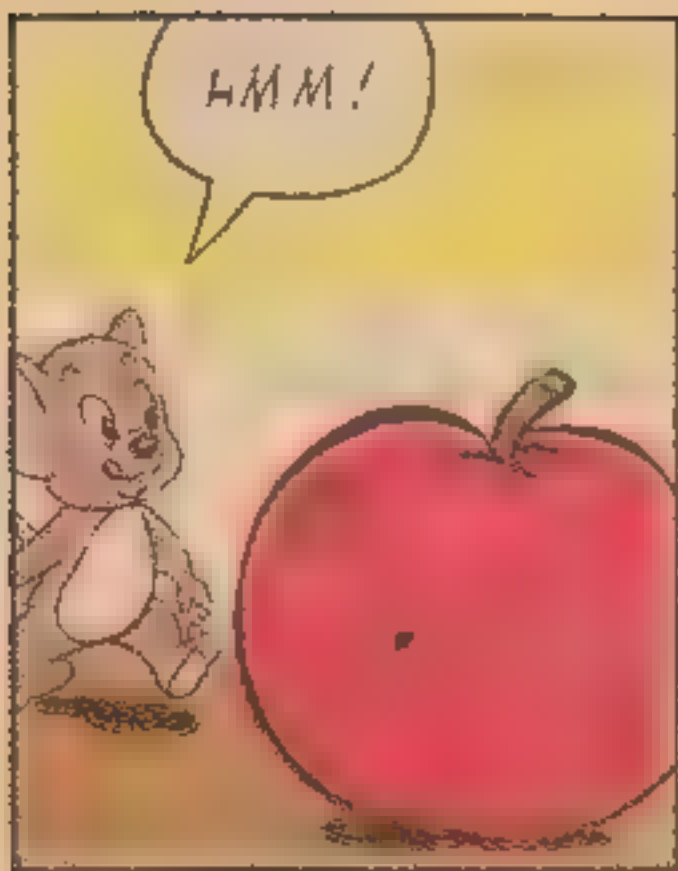


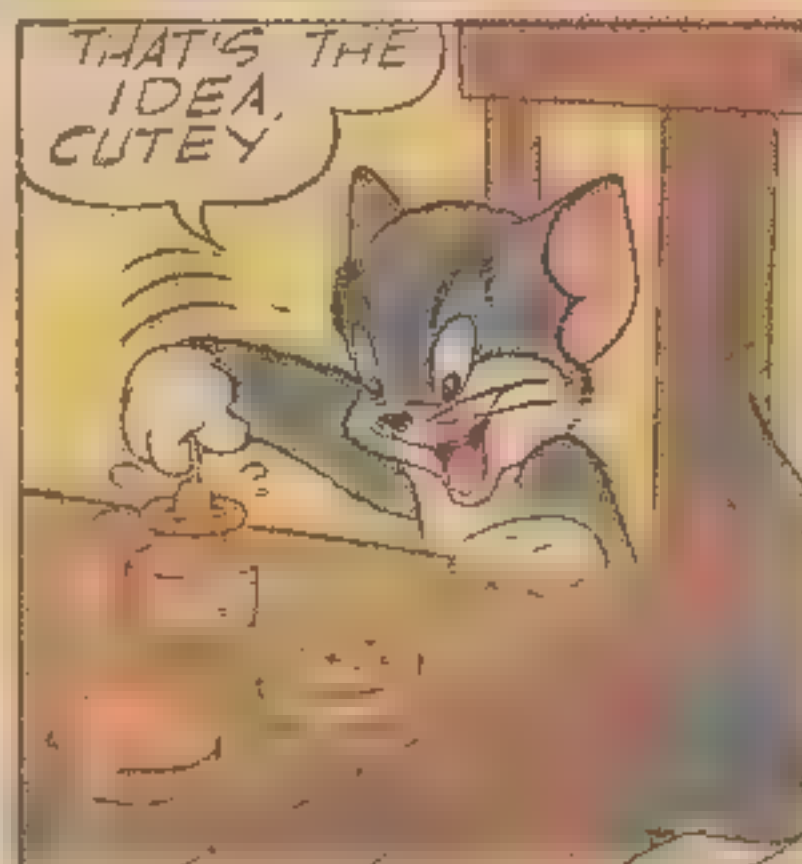
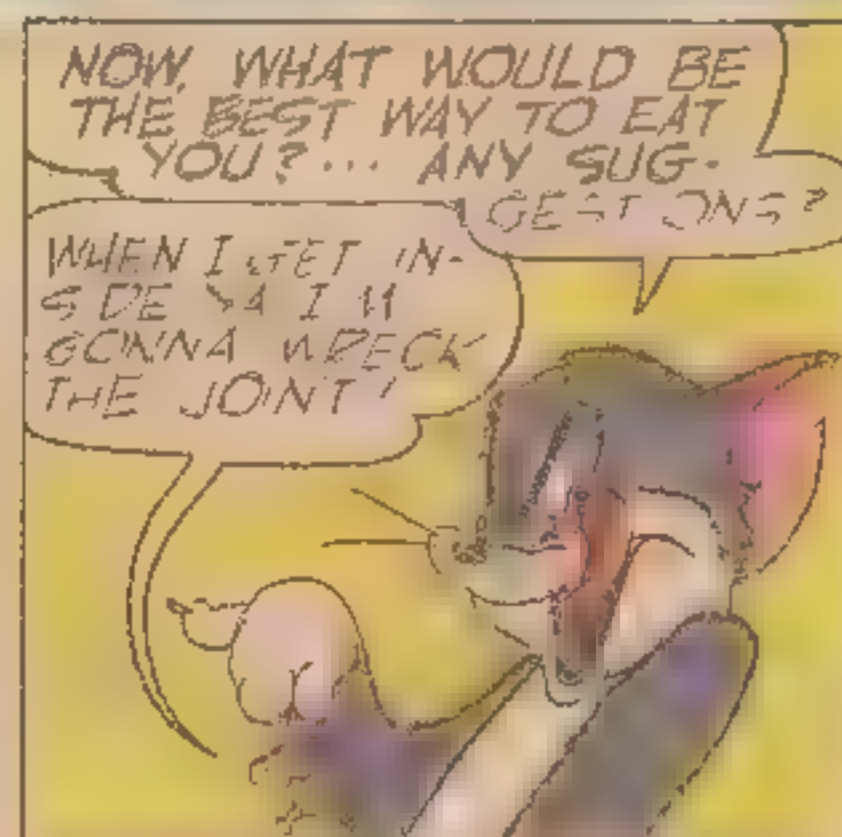
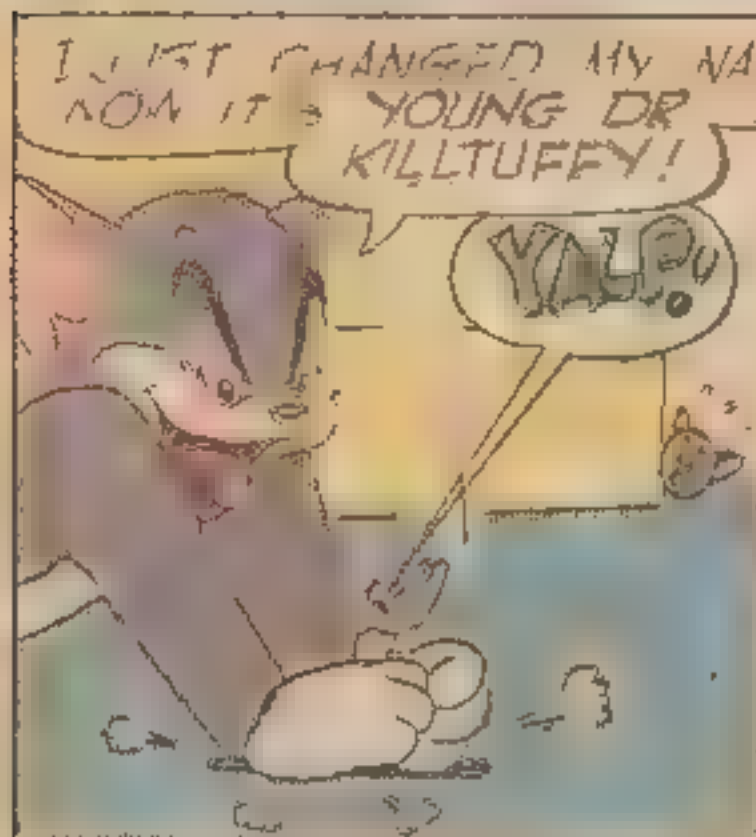
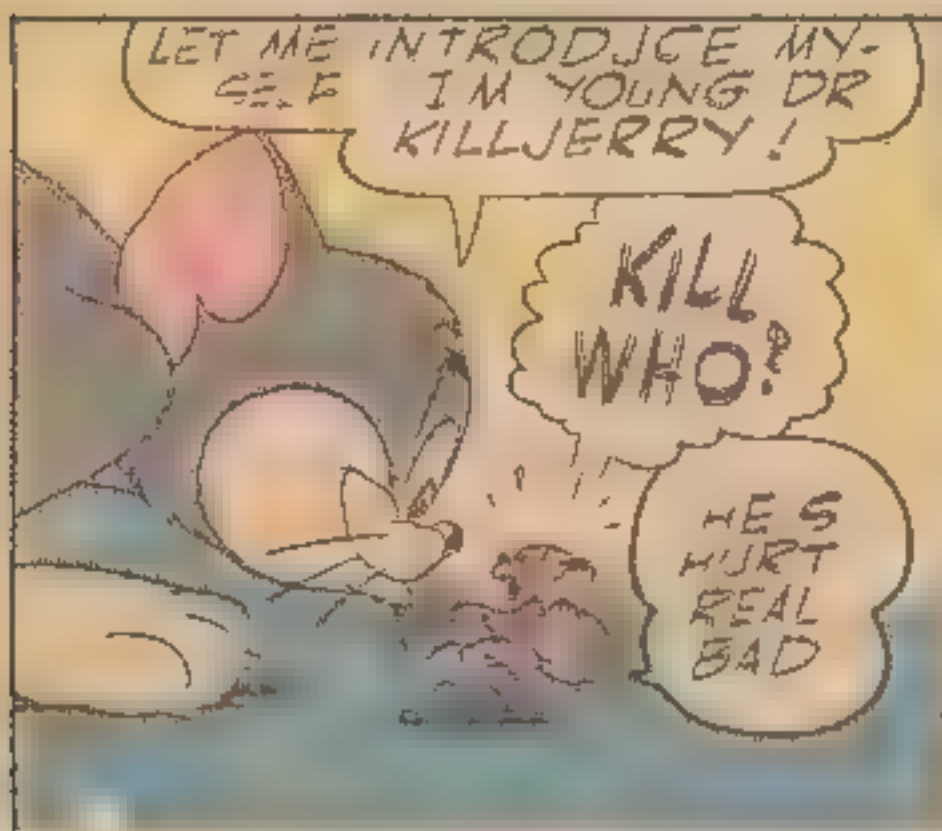
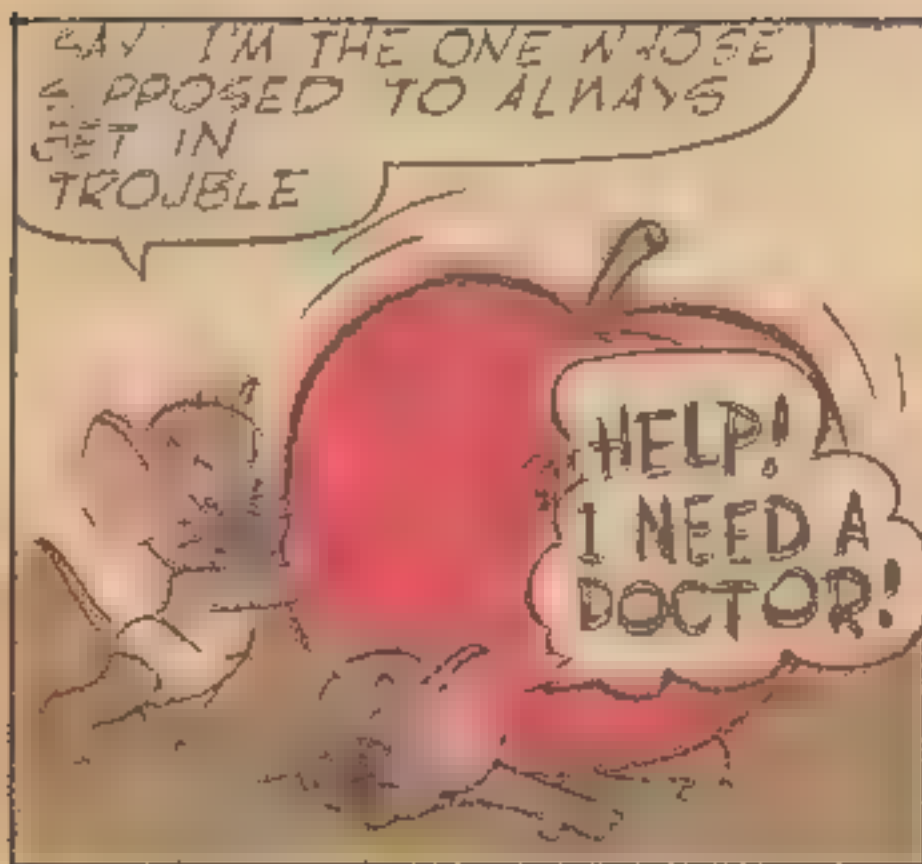
TOM and JERRY

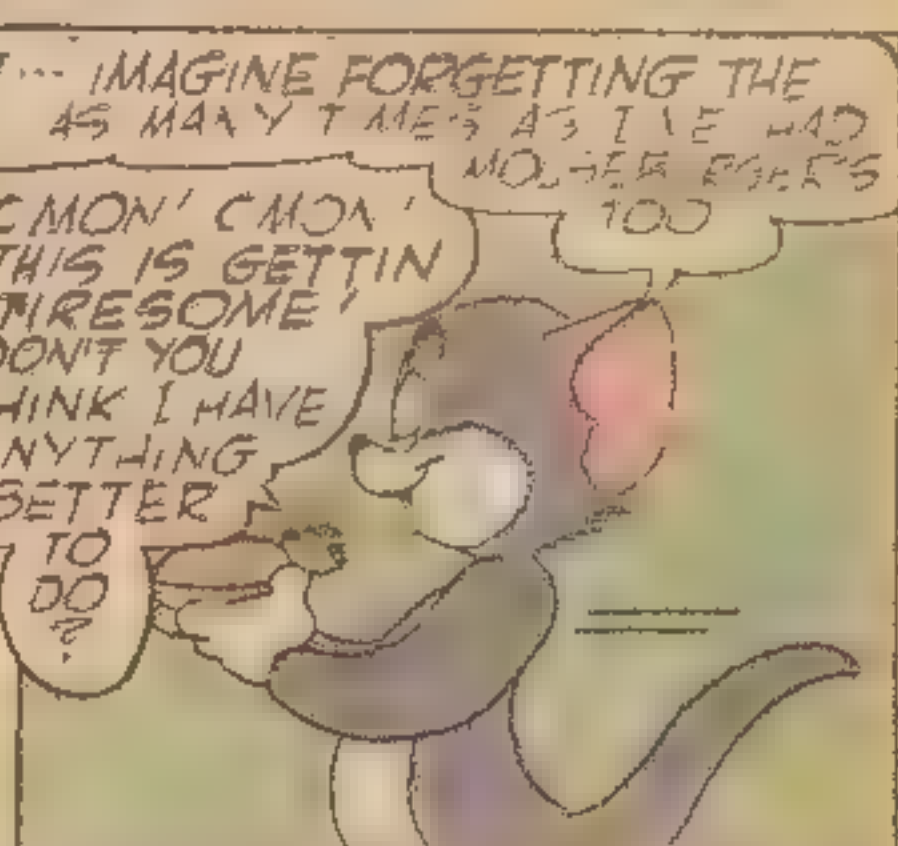
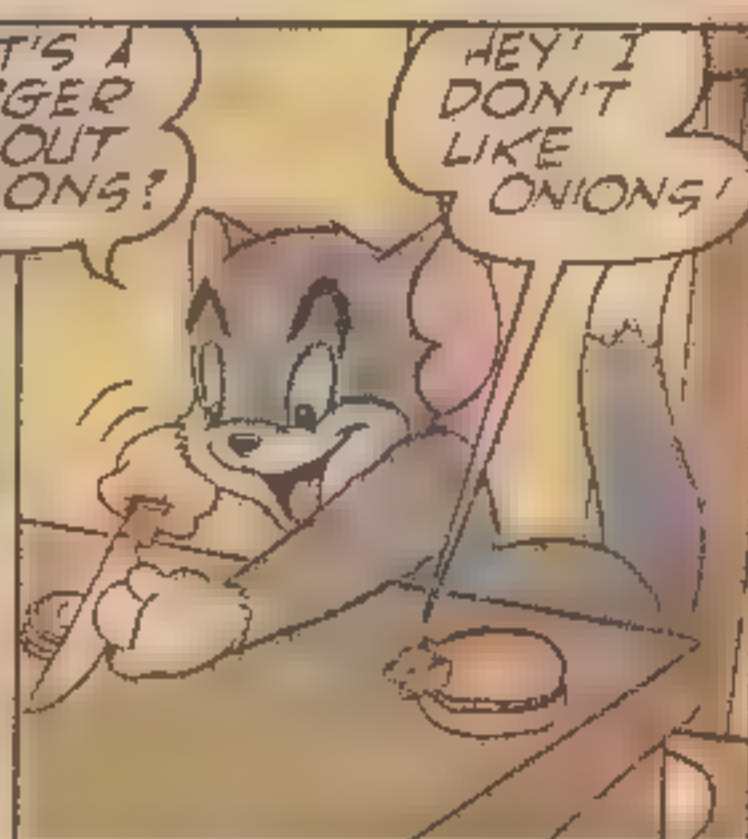
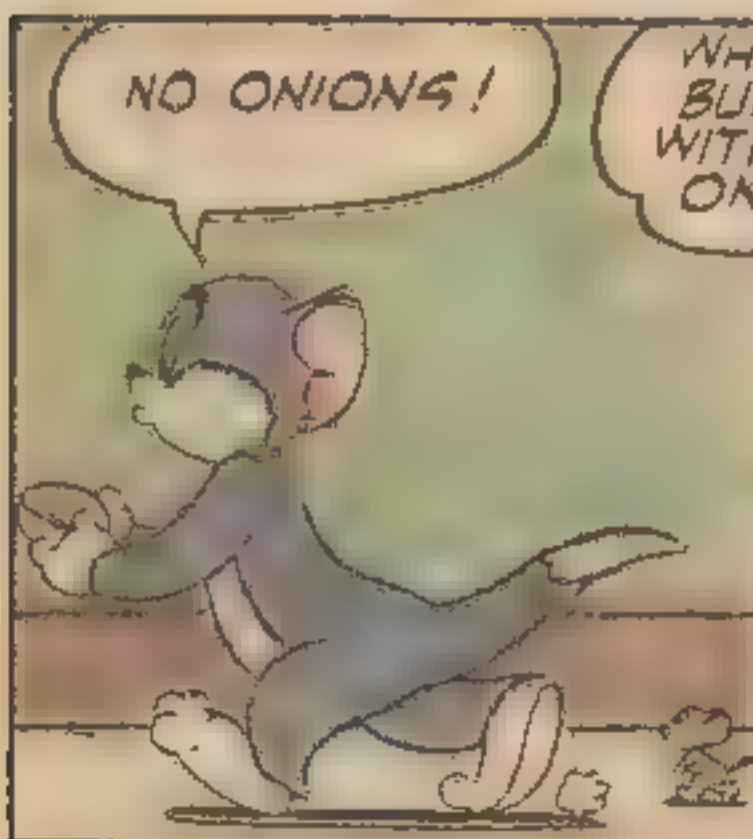
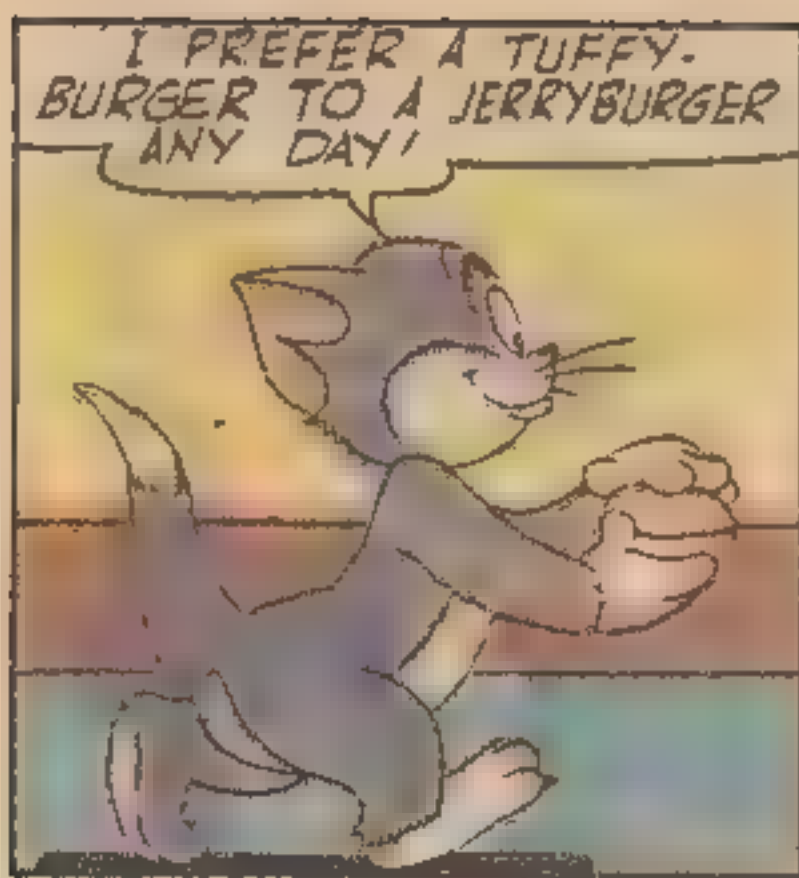
M. M. PRESENTS

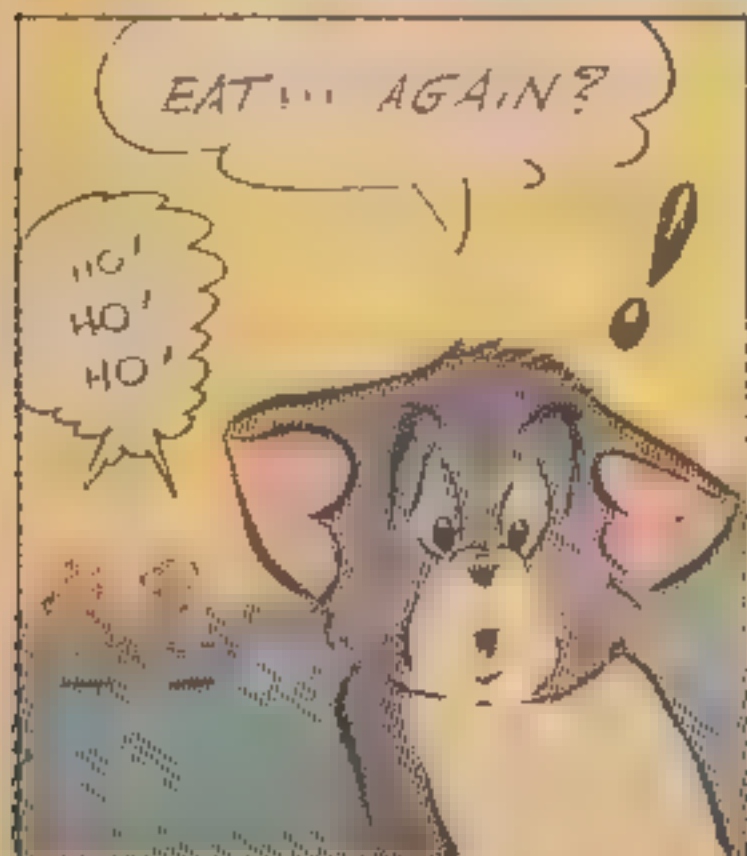
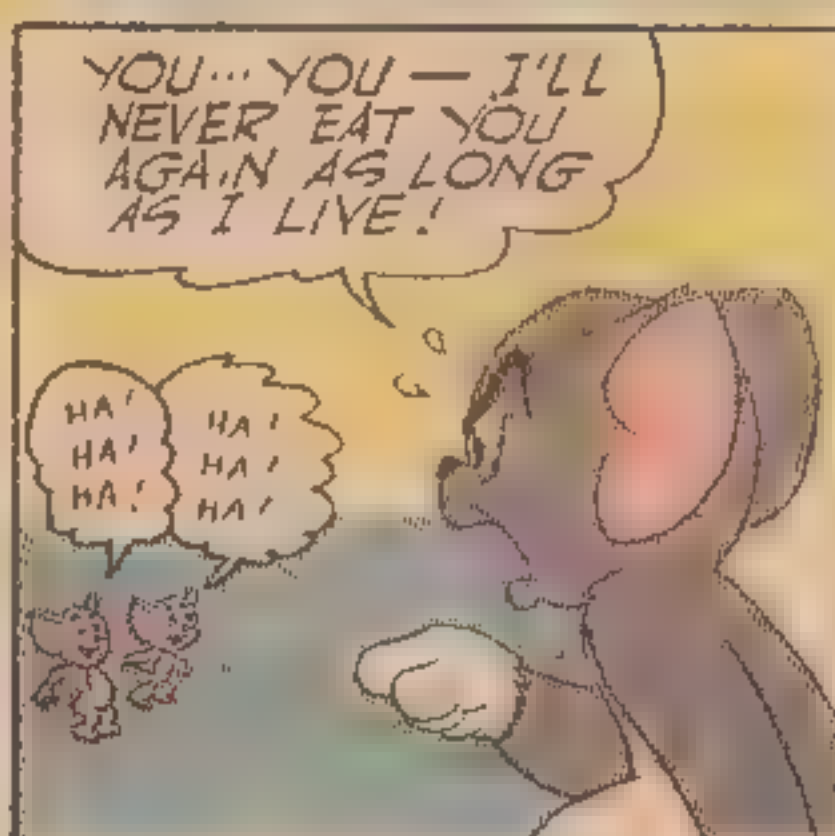


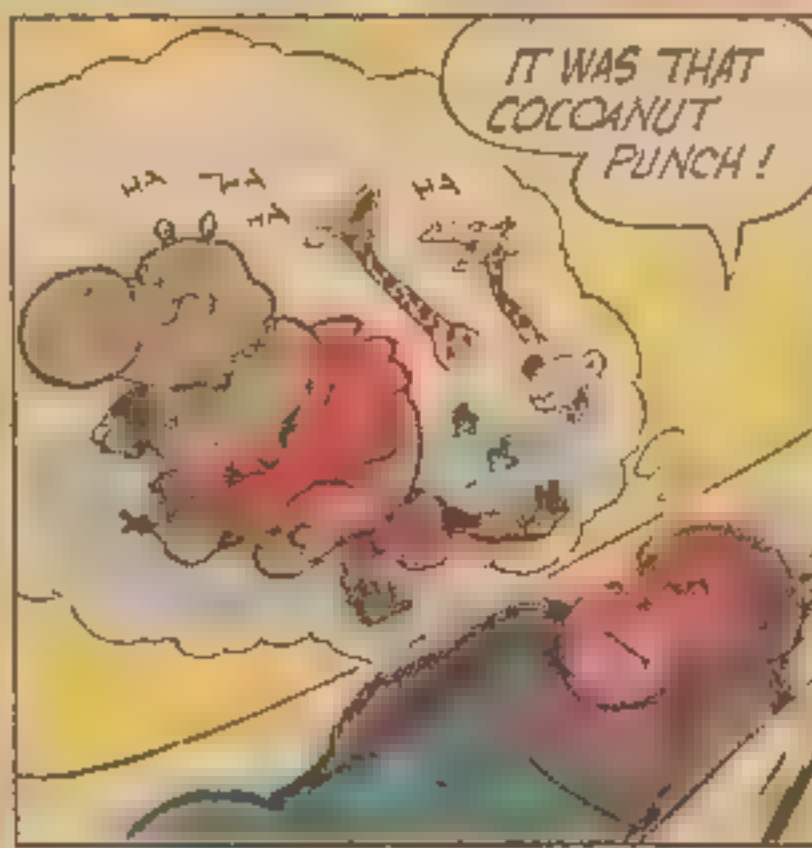
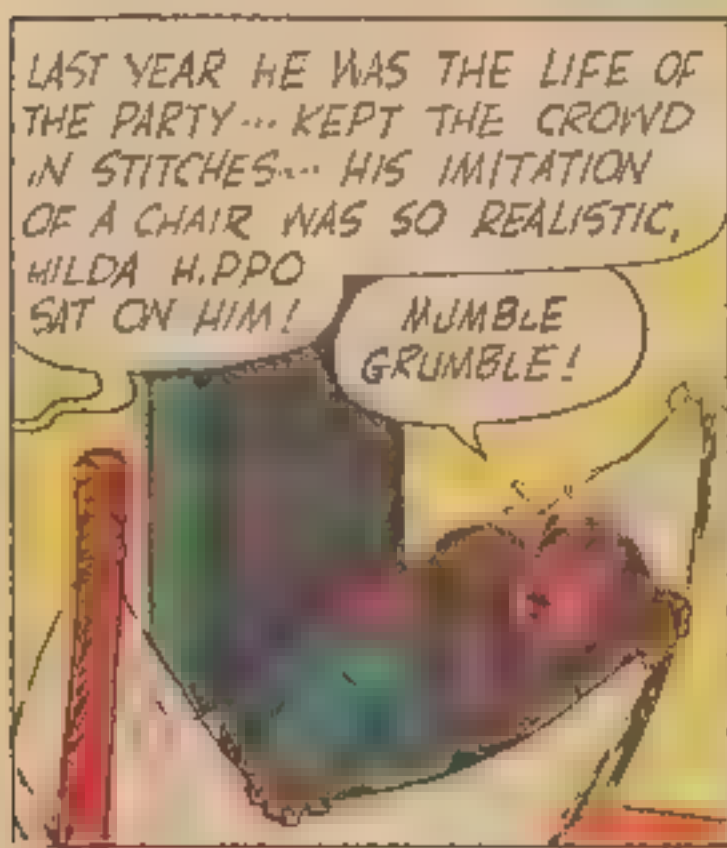














THE TROUBLE IS
POP THE ONLY ONE
WHOSE FATHER YOU
CAN LOCK IS
JIMMY
JUDGE E.
MOUSE.

FIGHT AND
WIN THEN

THERE'LL BE NO
FIGHTING!



LOOKS LIKE THE
GANG'S ALL HERE!

DON'T LOOK NOW
BUT HERE COMES
THAT APE FAMILY!

SAY WHEN!

WHEN

LOOKING A
READY



NON REMEMBER
POP DON'T SEND
TOO MUCH TIME
AT THE FENCH BOAL

I'VE GOT
A FEELING

HEAD!

HITTED
BEHIND
AT THE
FENCH BOAL

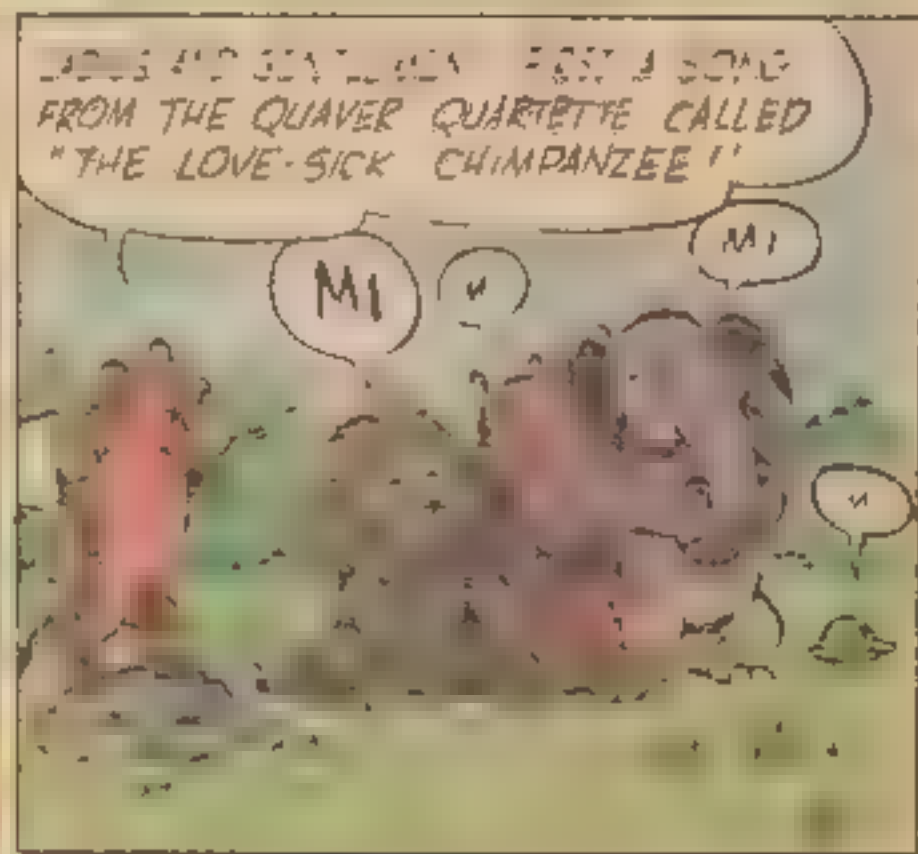
MY GUN'S
FIRE!



ER - POP -
DA

POP POP TEE HEE!
ARE YOU GOING TO DO
YOUR CHAIR IMITATION
THIS YEAR?

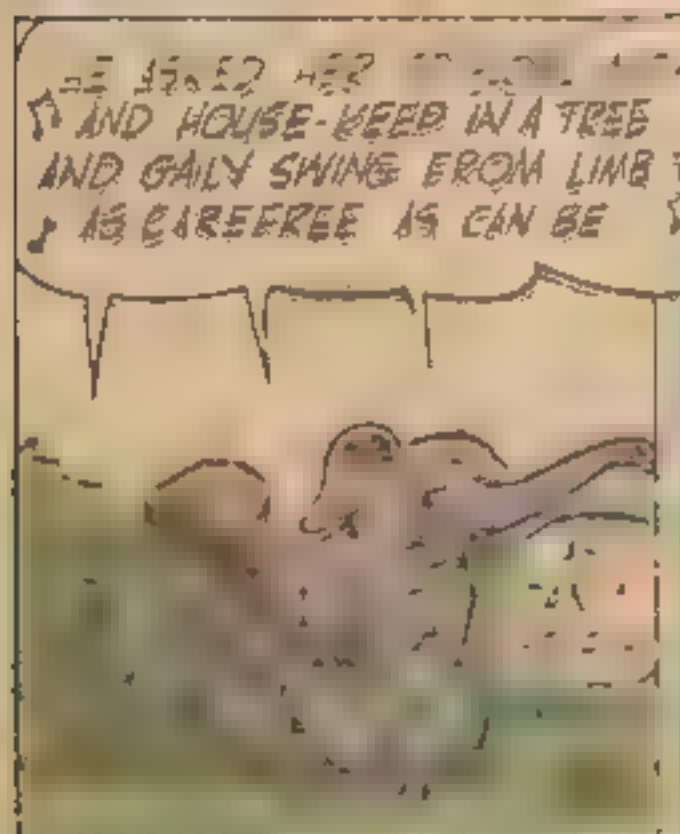
DID I SAY
SOMETHING
WRONG?



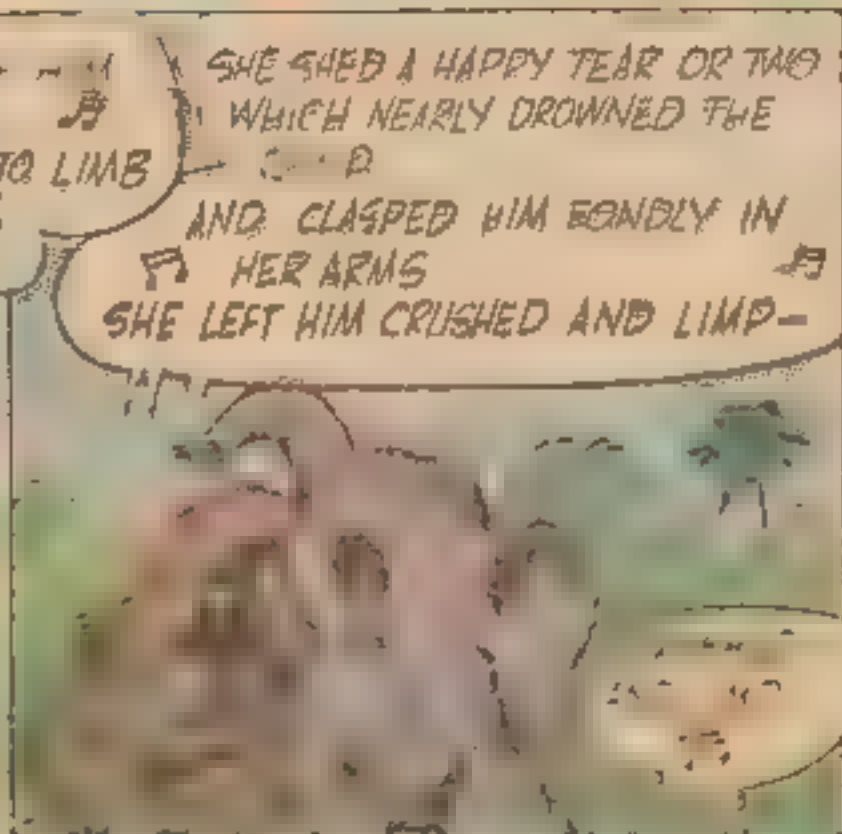
LOOKS LIKE THE GANG'S ALL HERE!
FROM THE QUAVER QUARTETTE CALLED
"THE LOVE-SICK CHIMPANZEE!"

MI

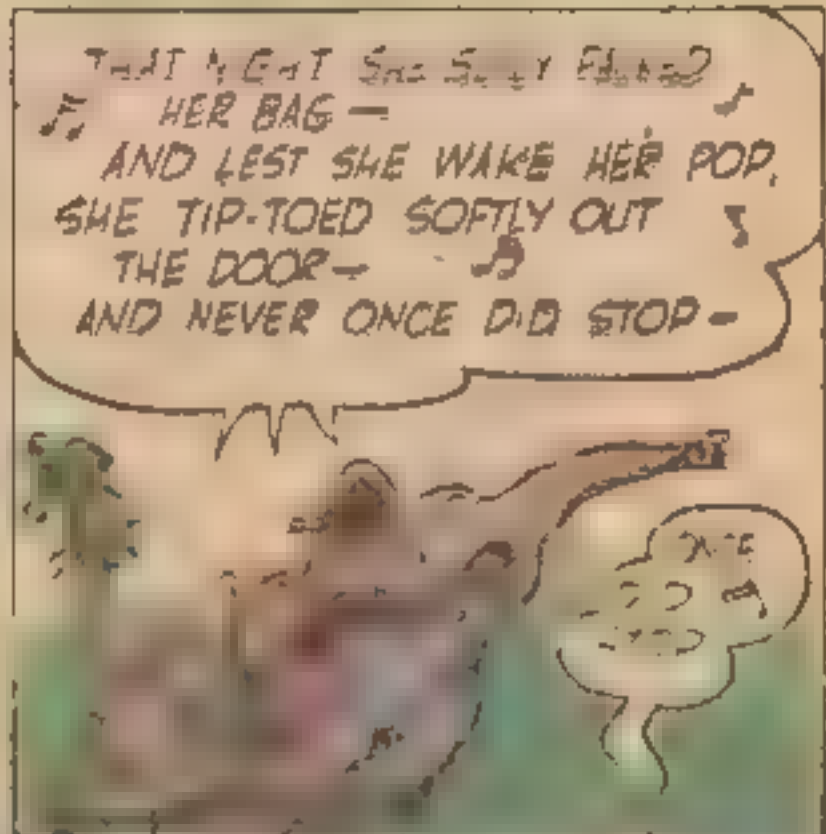
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HE HUNG HER
AND HOUSE-KEEP IN A TREE
AND GAILY SWING FROM LIMB TO LIMB
AS CAREFREE AS CAN BE

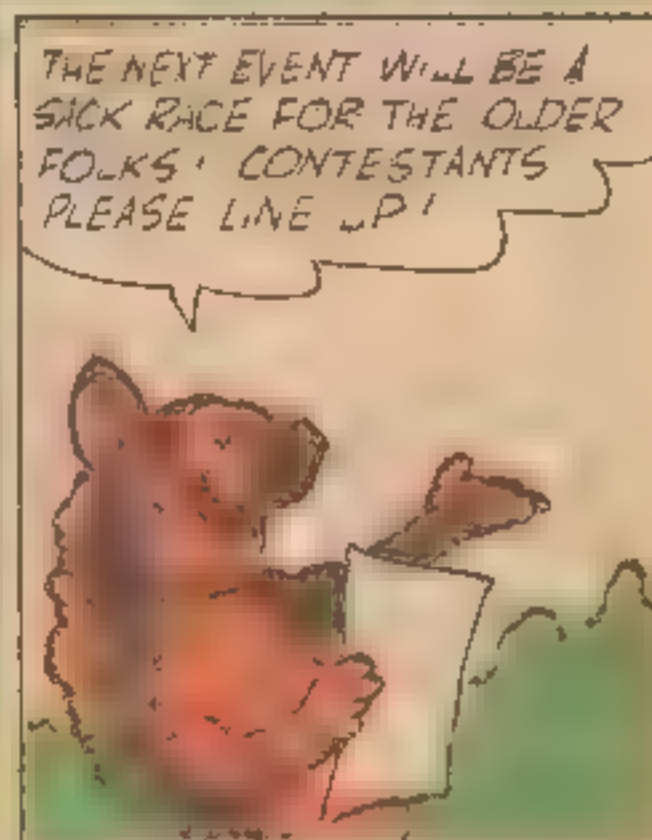
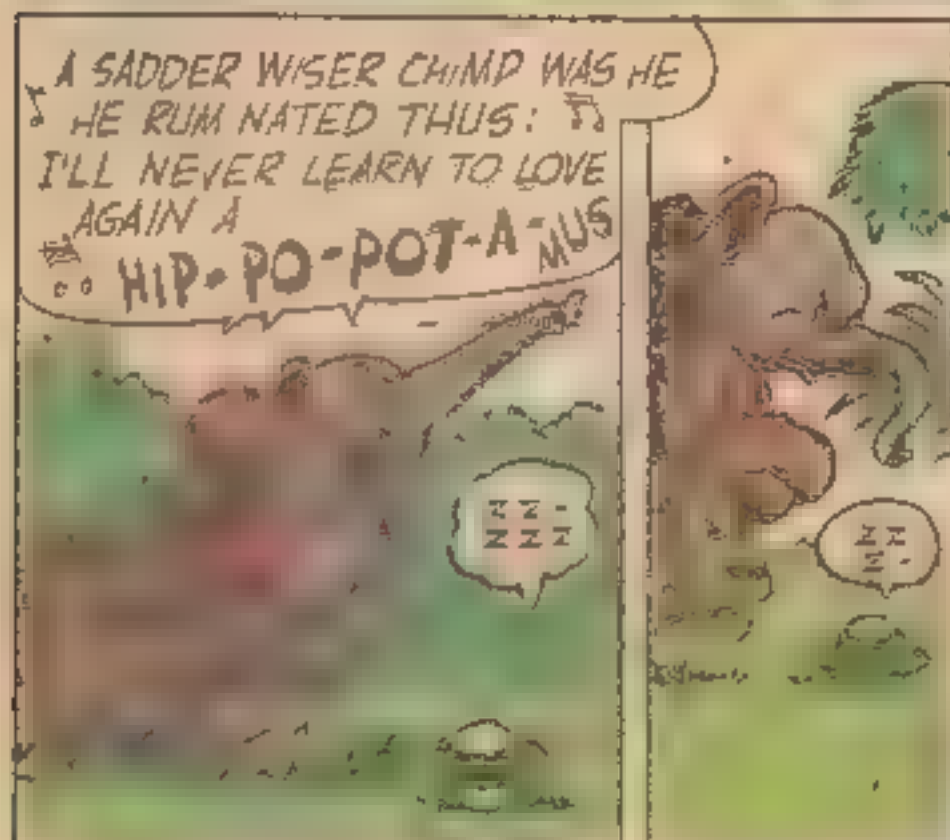
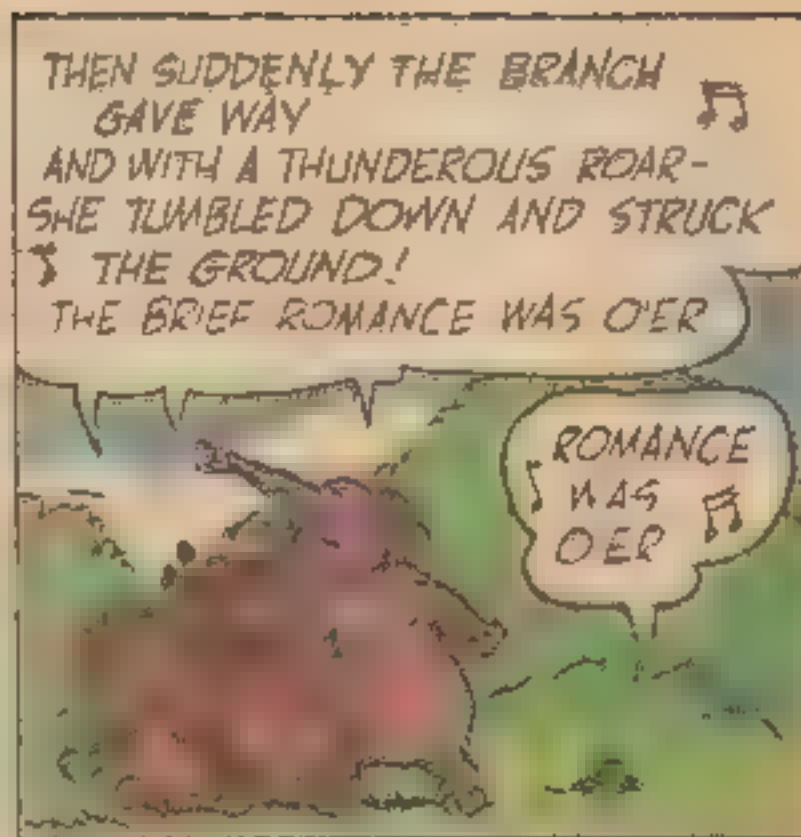
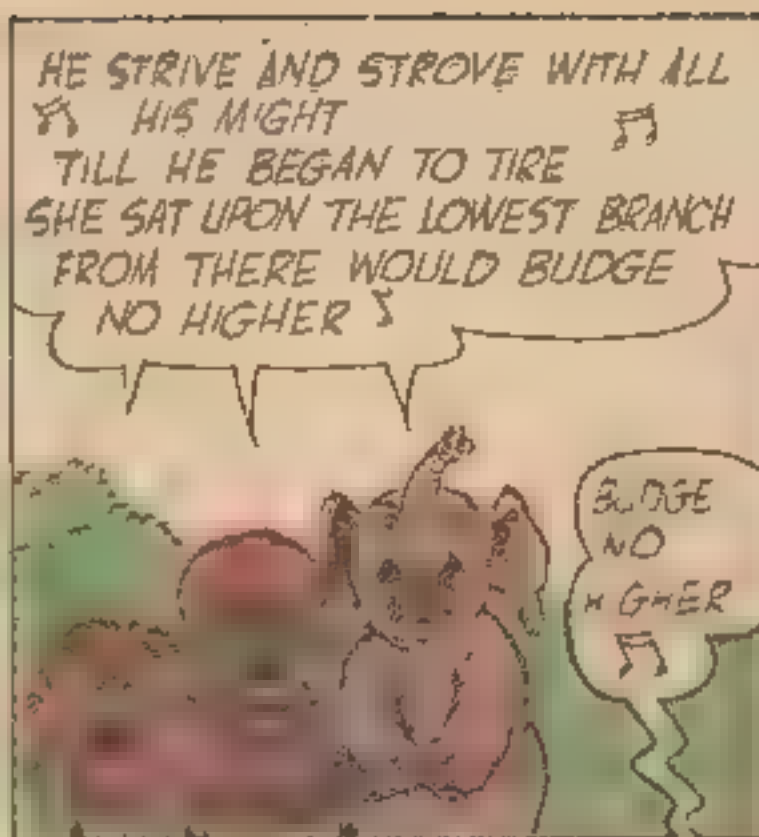
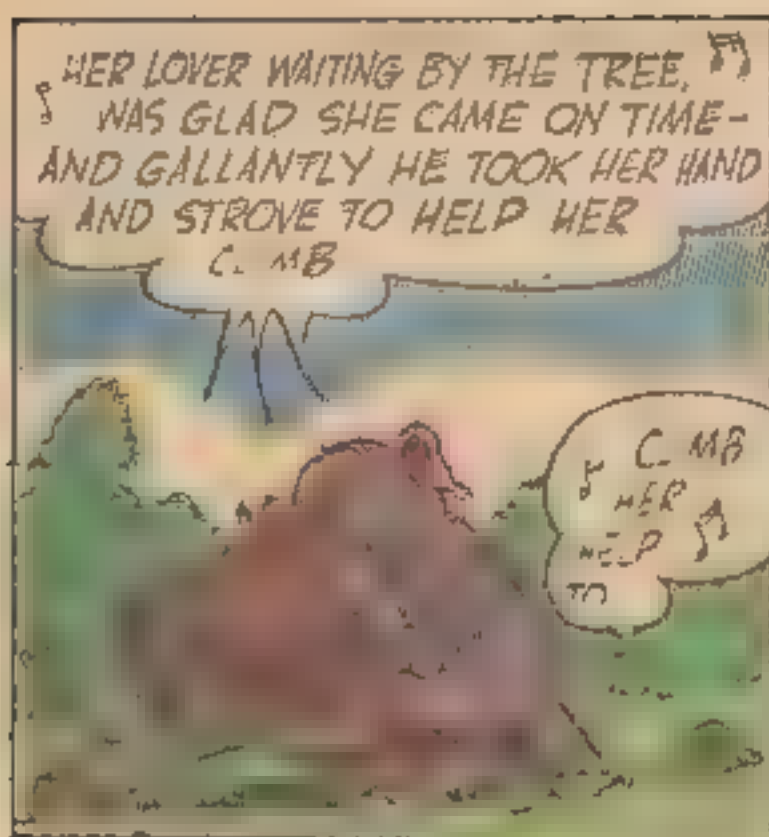


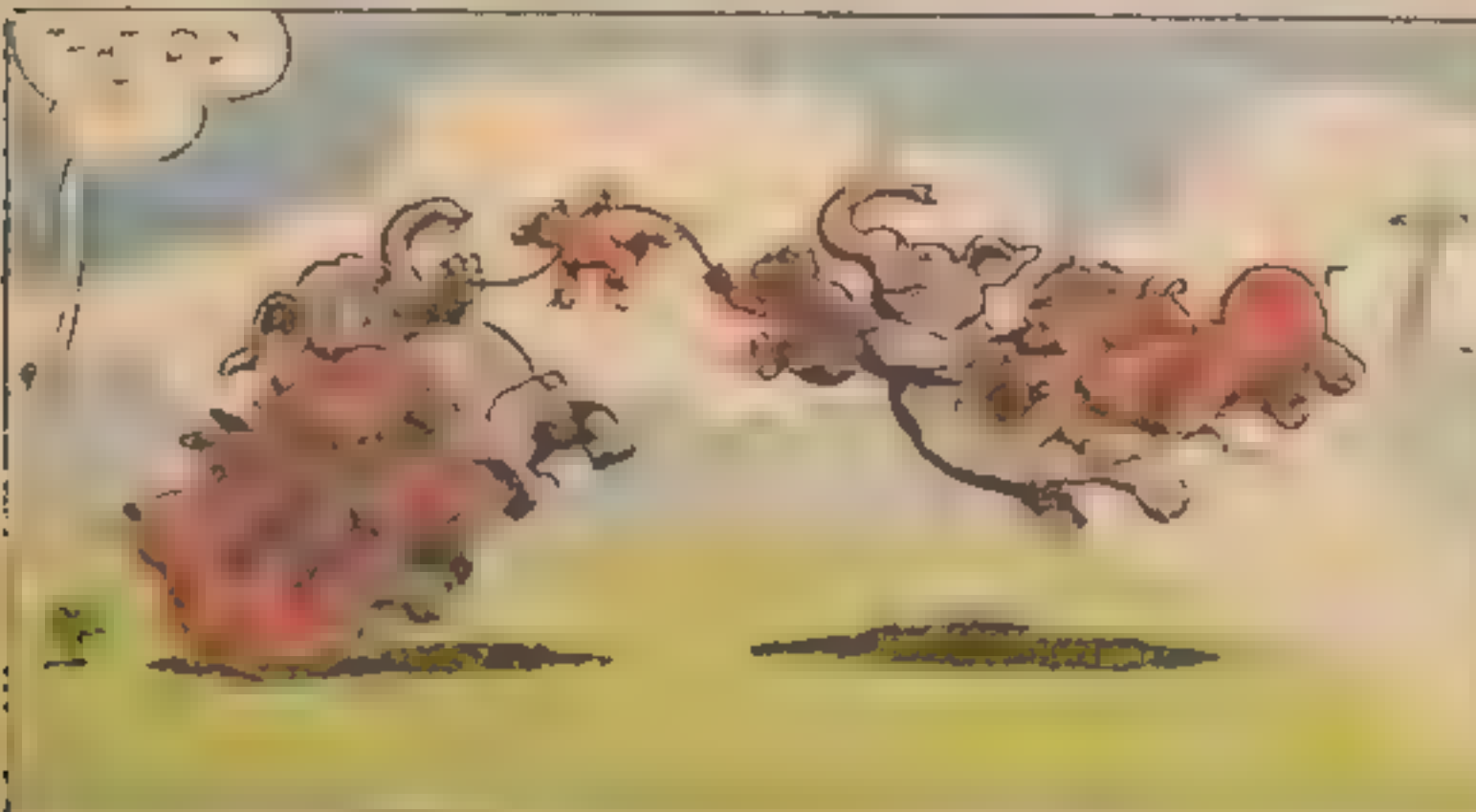
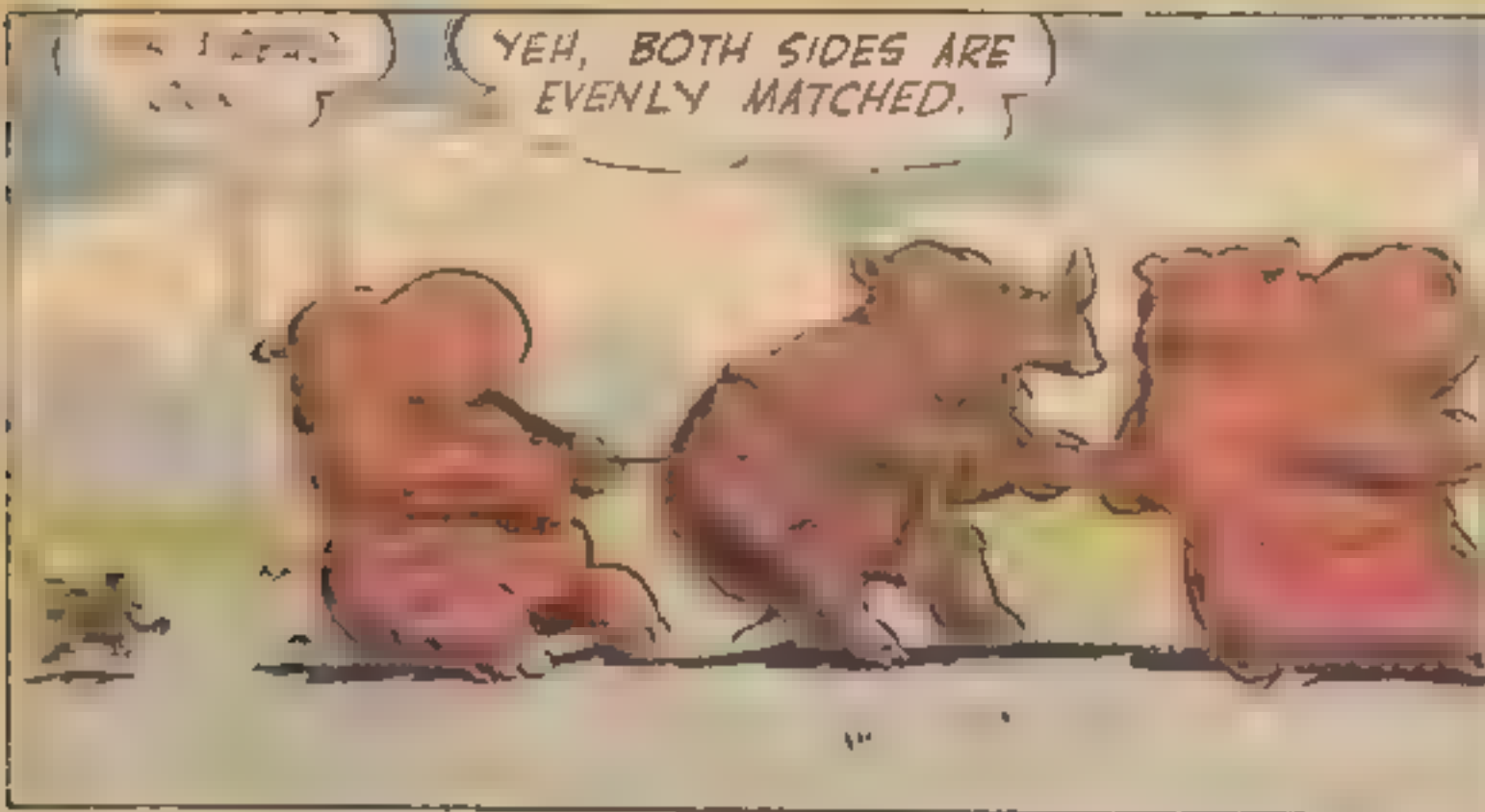
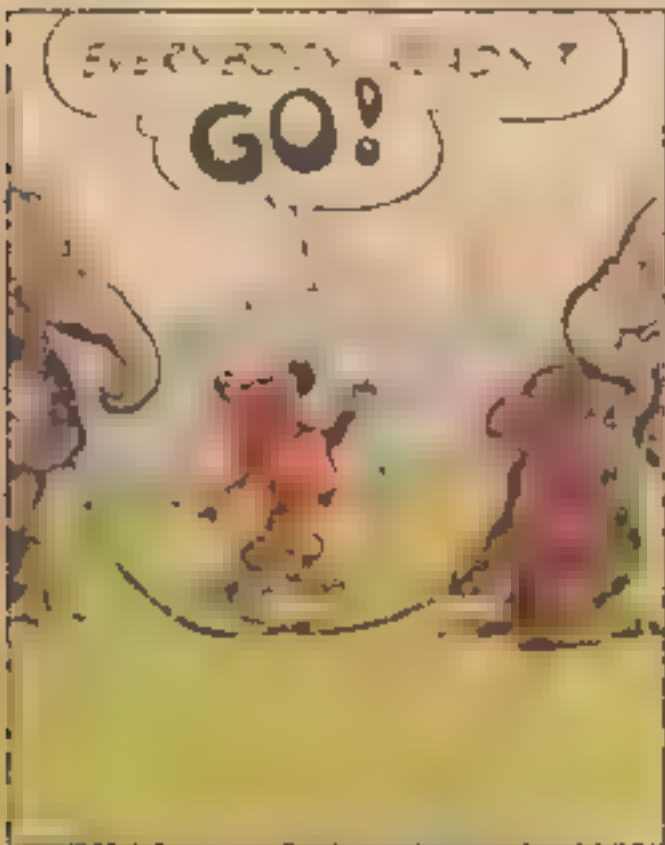
SHE SHED A HAPPY TEAR OR TWO
WHICH NEARLY DROWNED THE
AND CLAPPED HIM FONDLY IN
HER ARMS
SHE LEFT HIM CRUSHED AND LIMP-

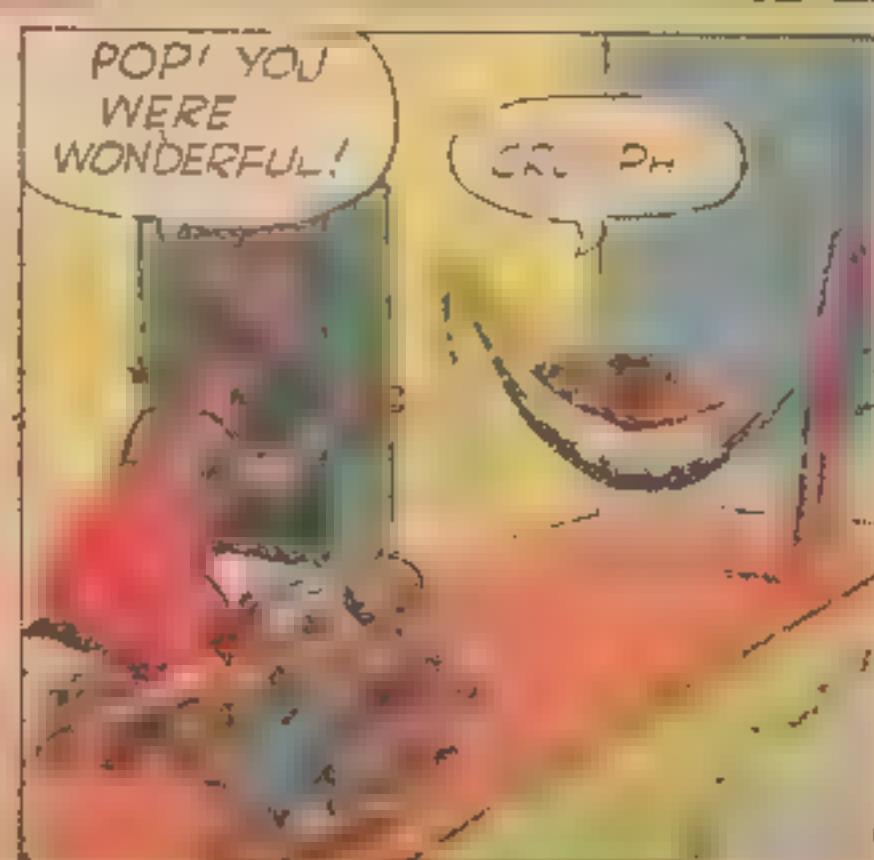
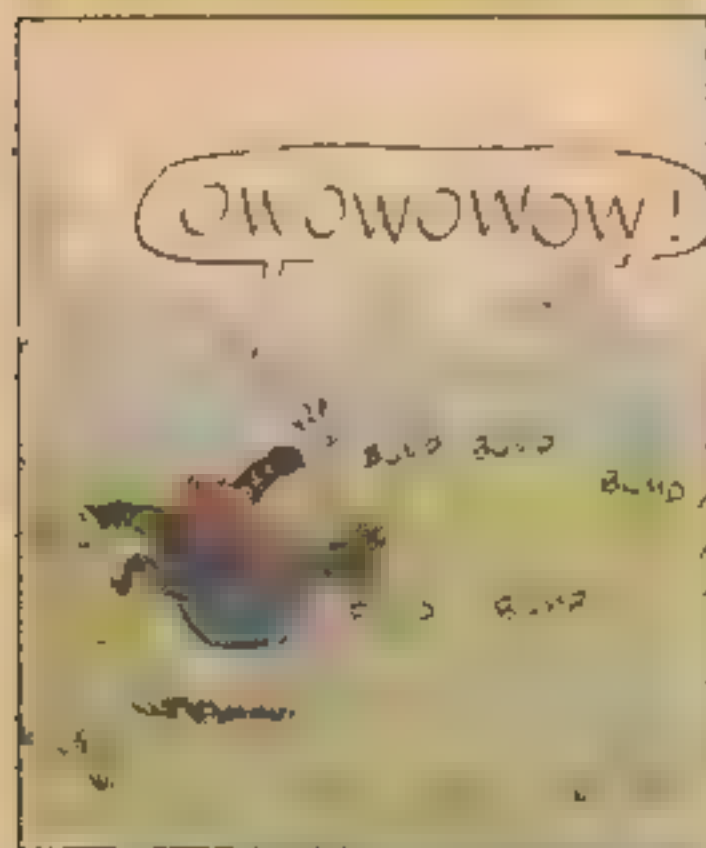
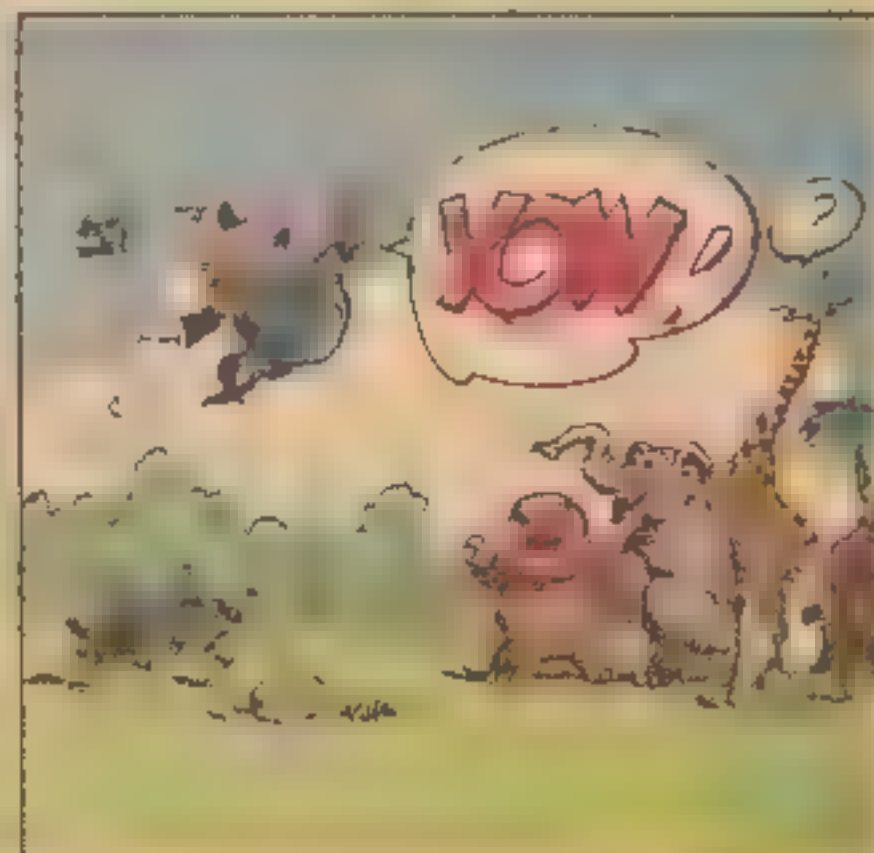
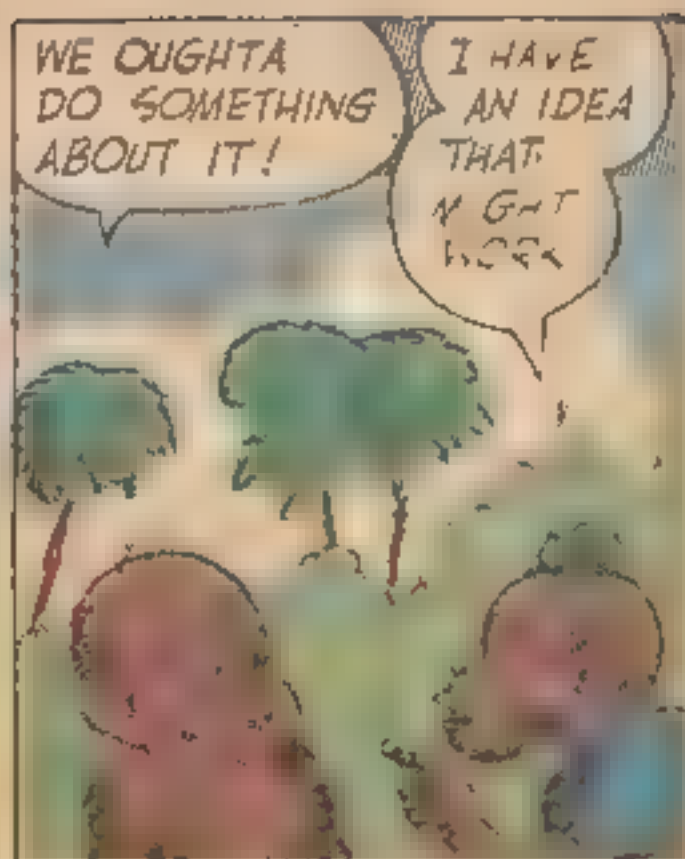


THAT NIGHT SHE SLEPT FINE
HER BAG -
AND LEST SHE WAKE HER POP,
SHE TIP-TOED SOFTLY OUT
THE DOOR -
AND NEVER ONCE DID STOP -

THE
END

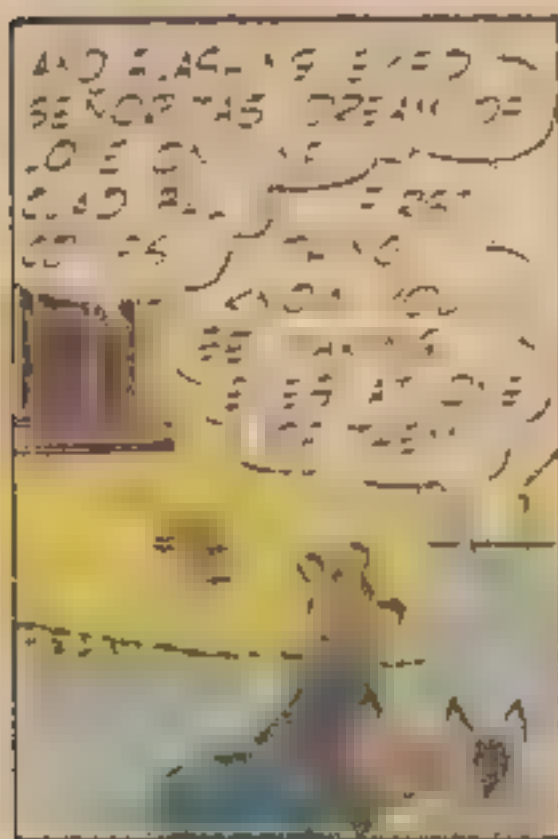


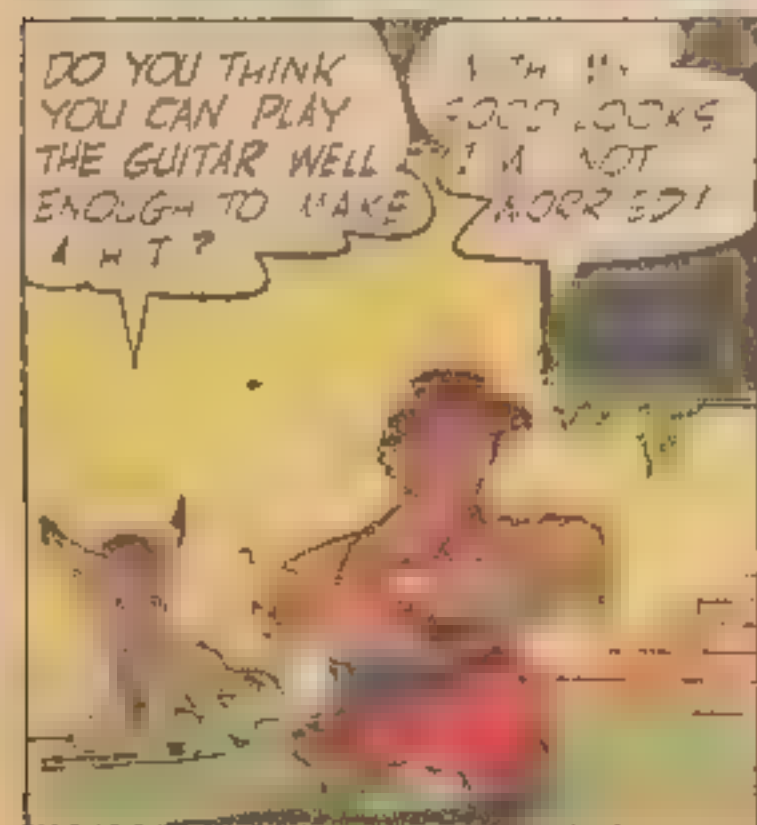
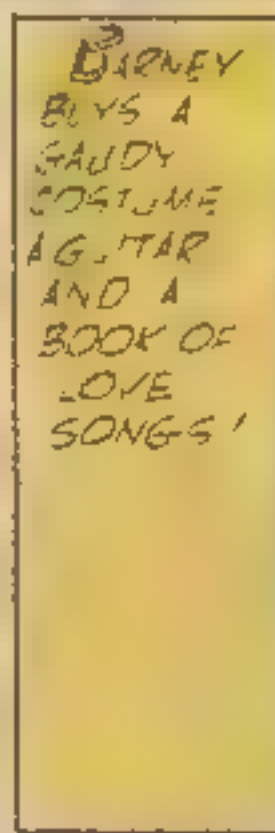
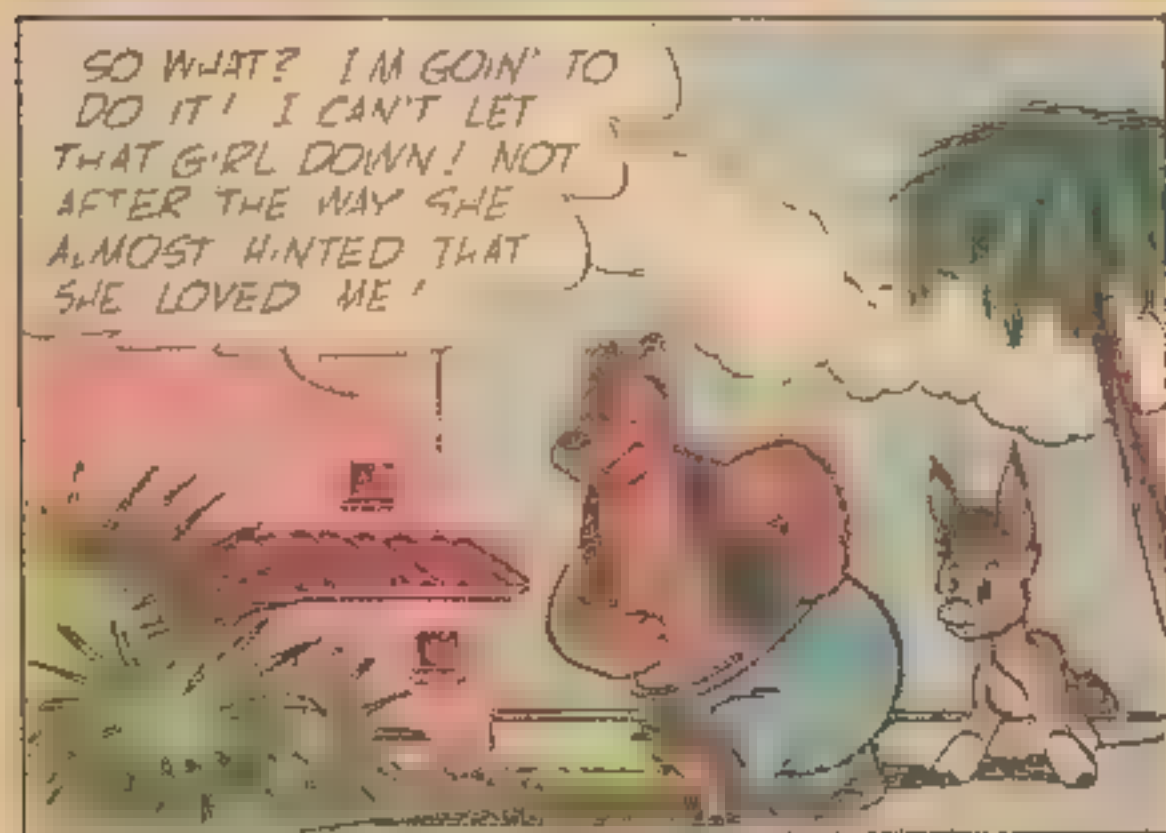
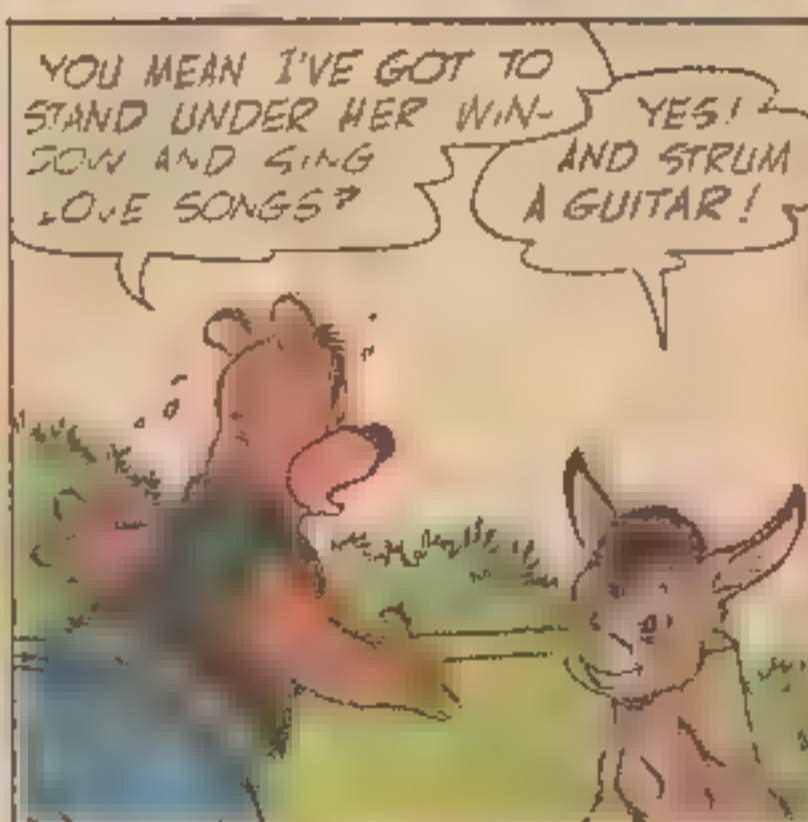
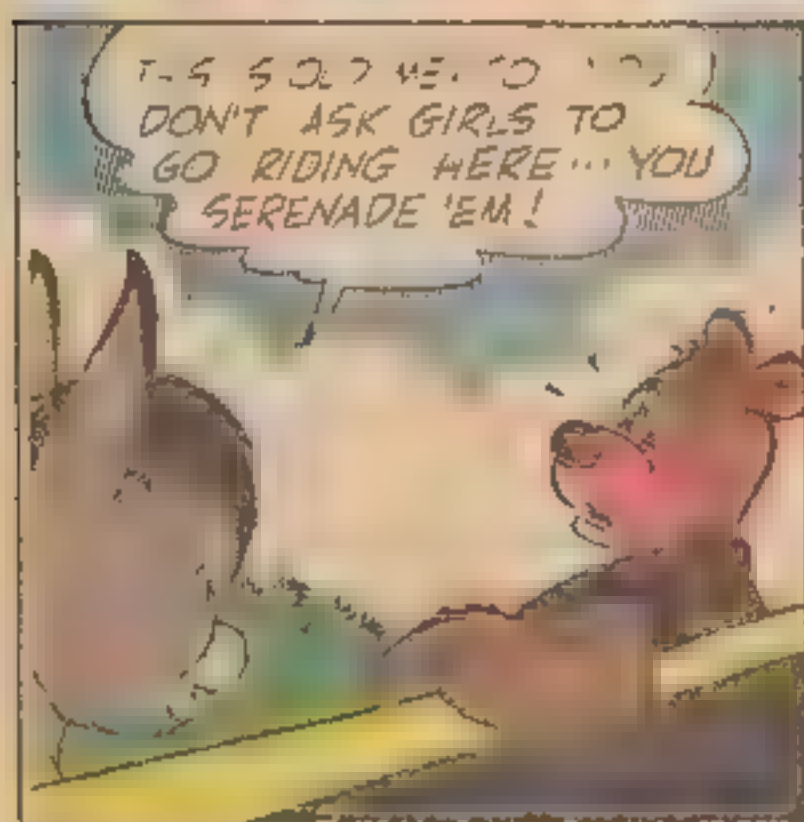


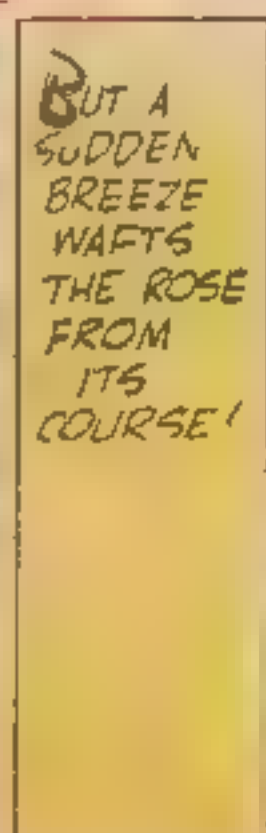
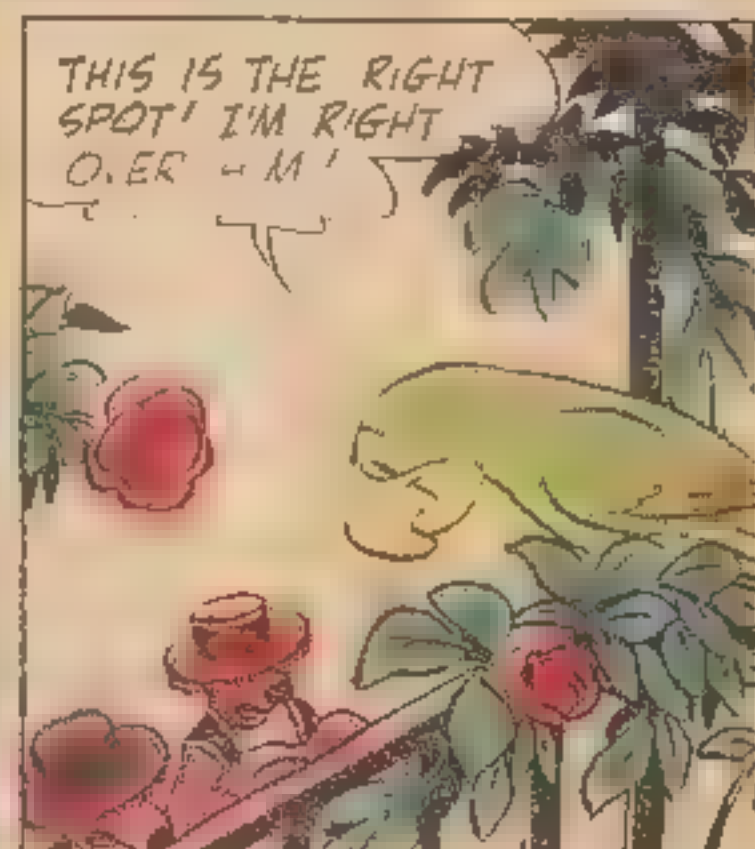
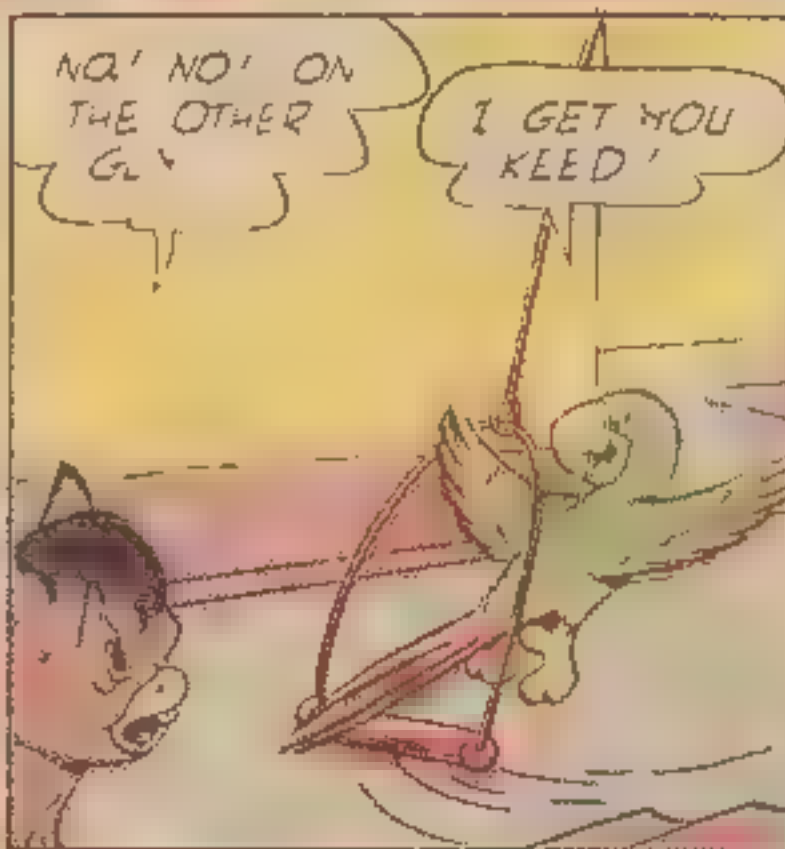
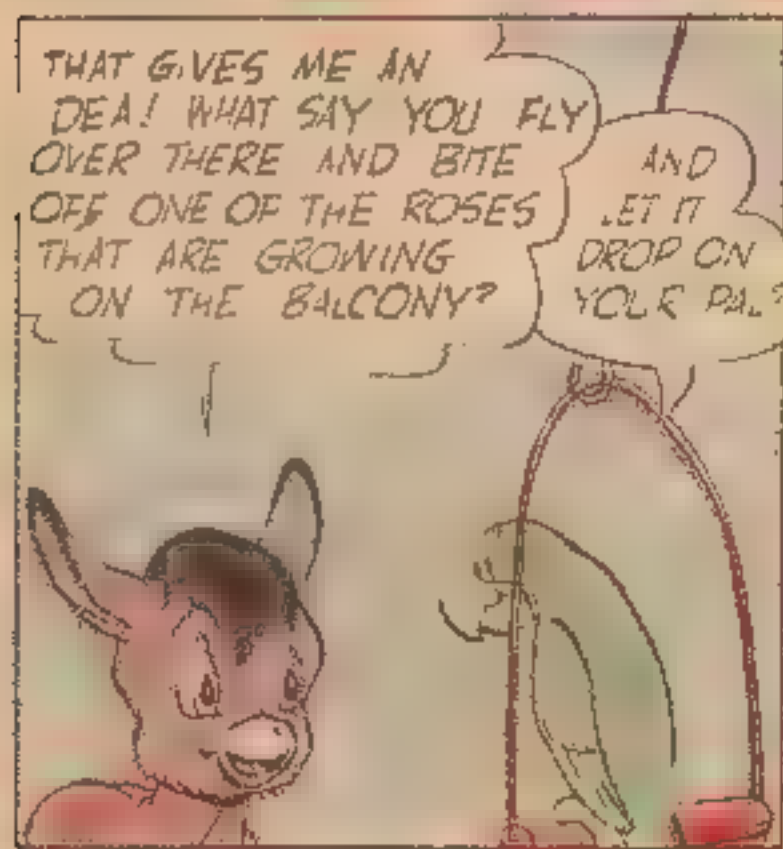
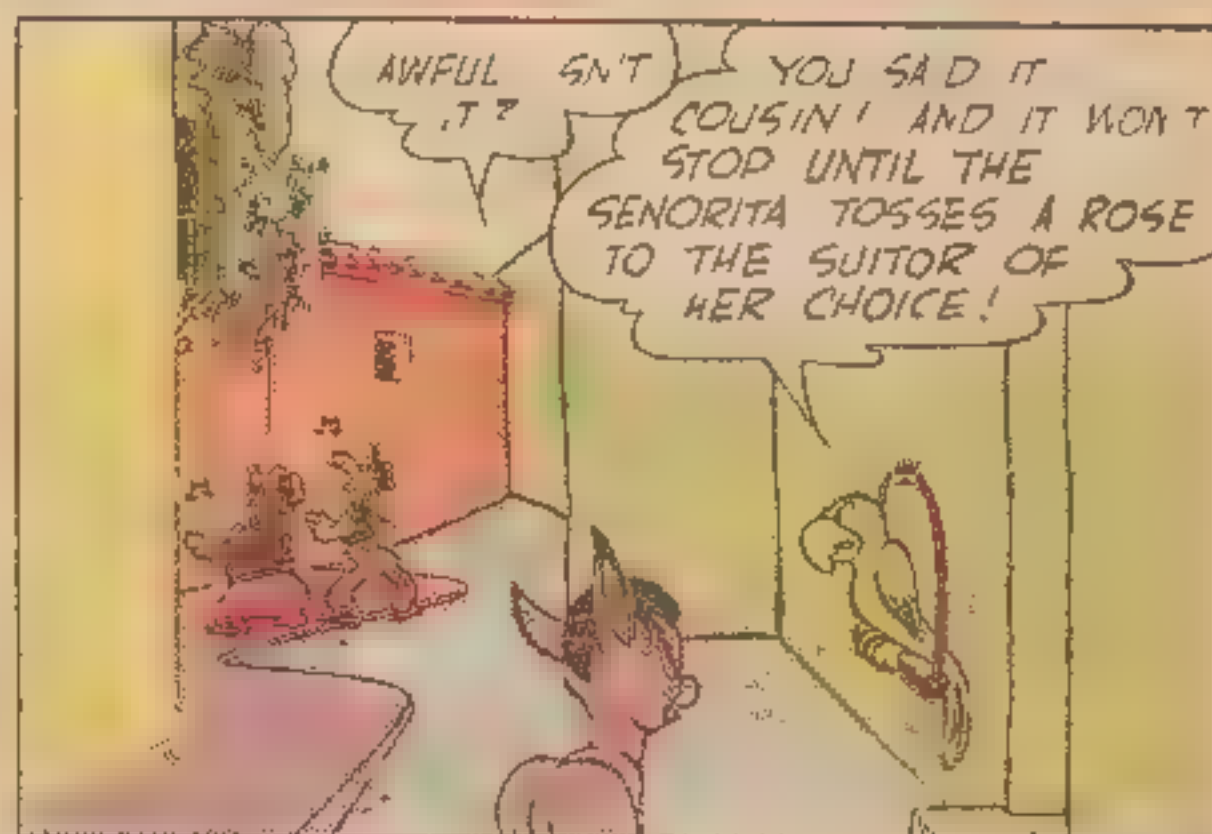
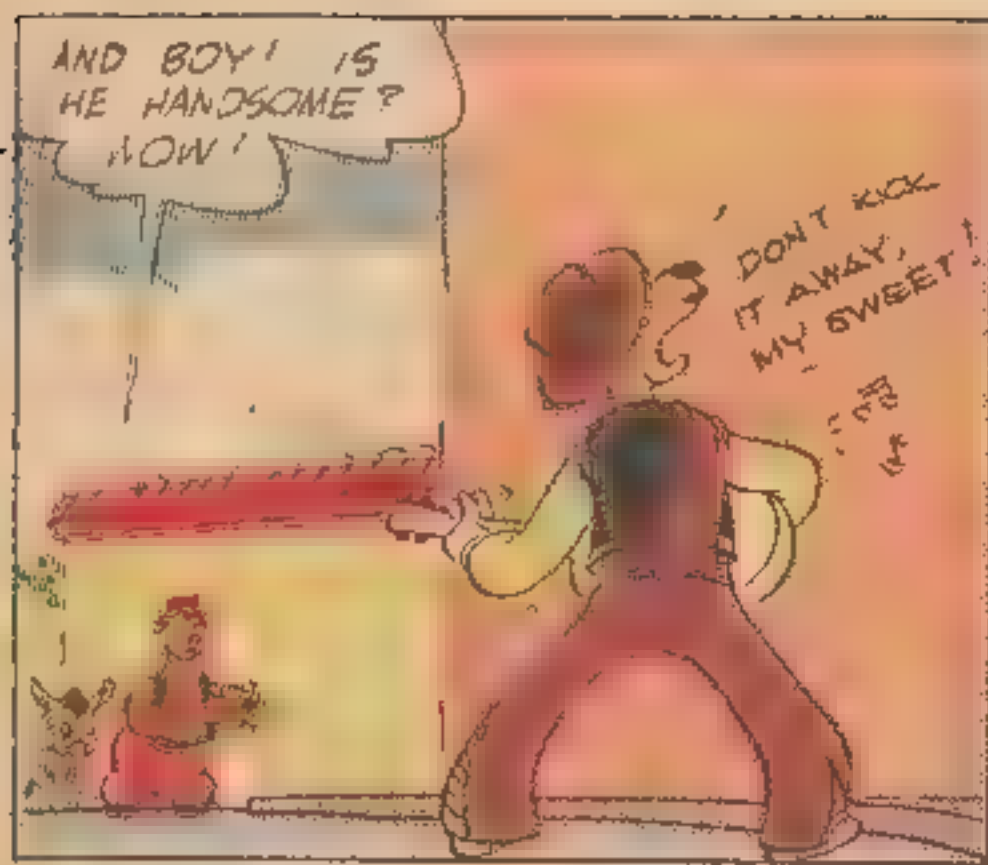


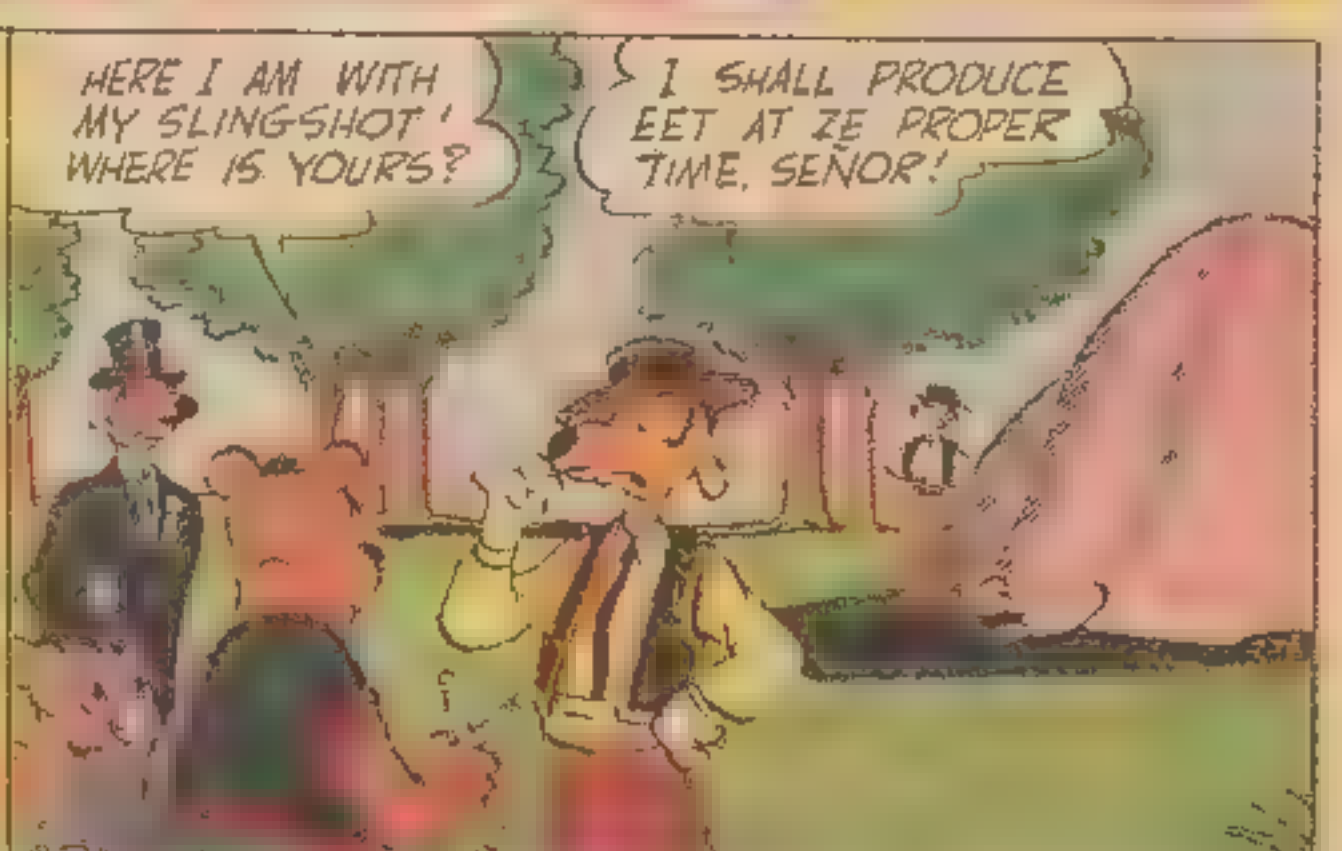
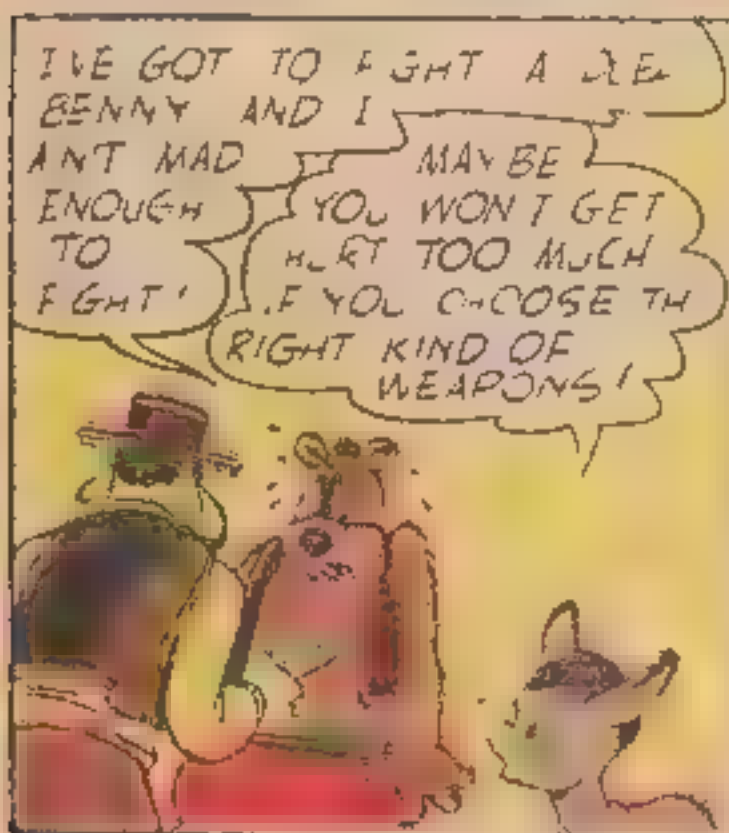
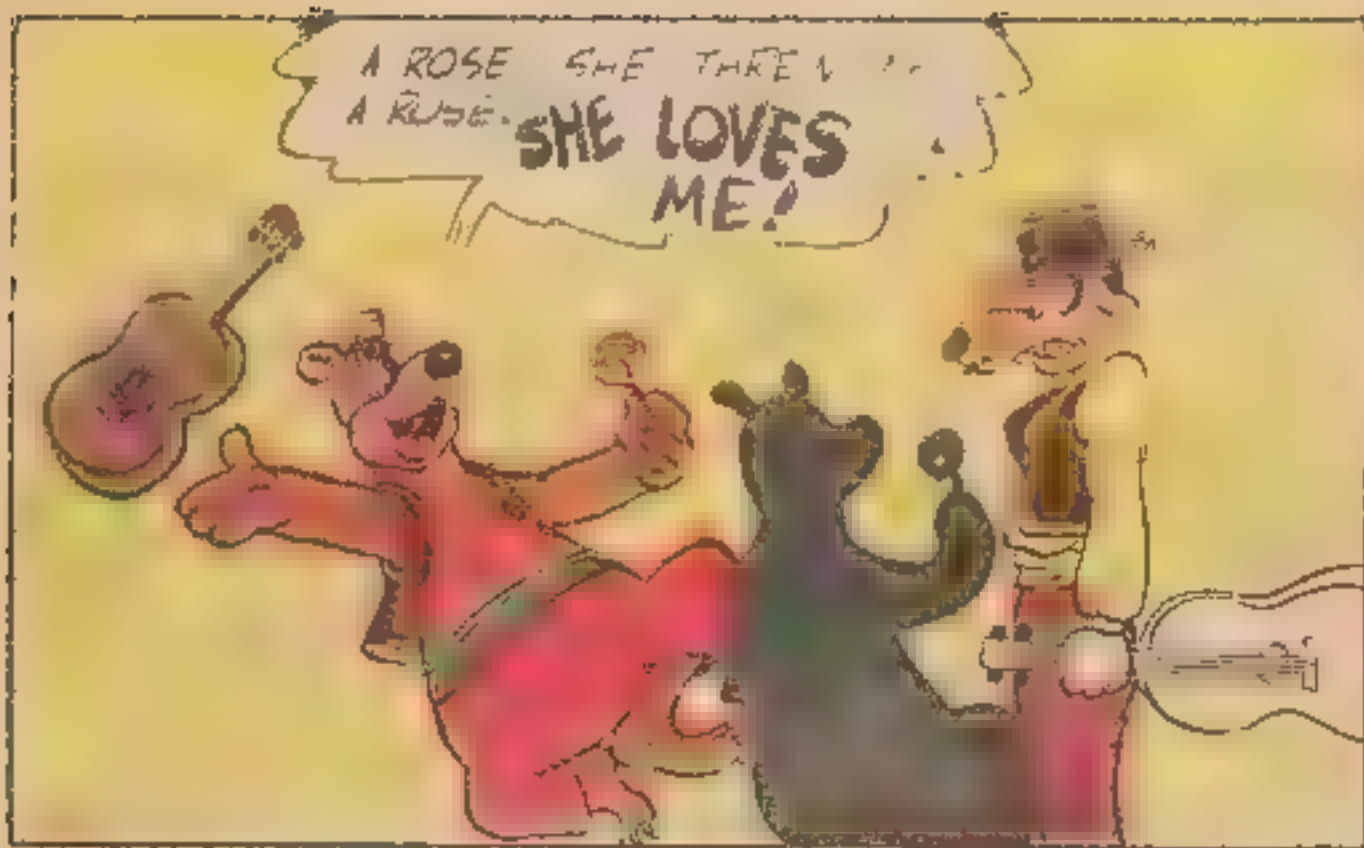
BARNEY BEAR BEANNY BURRO

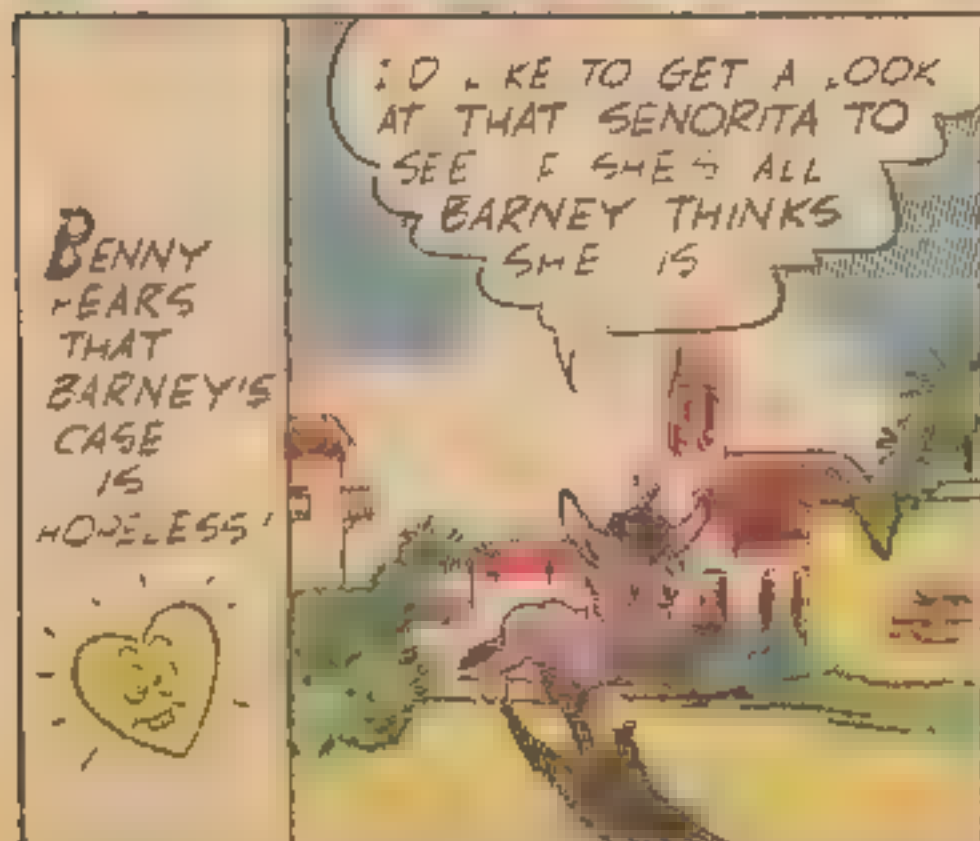
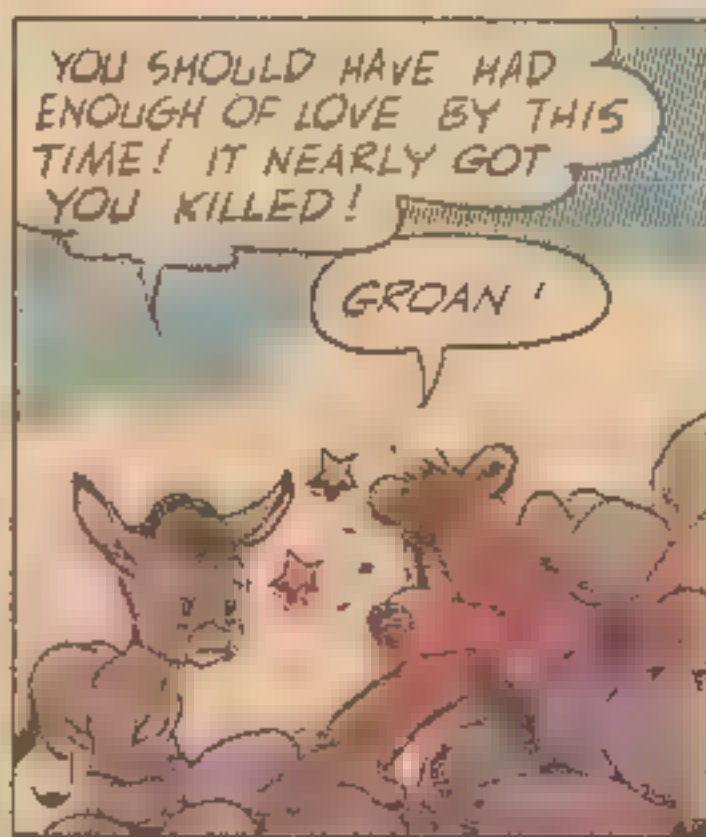
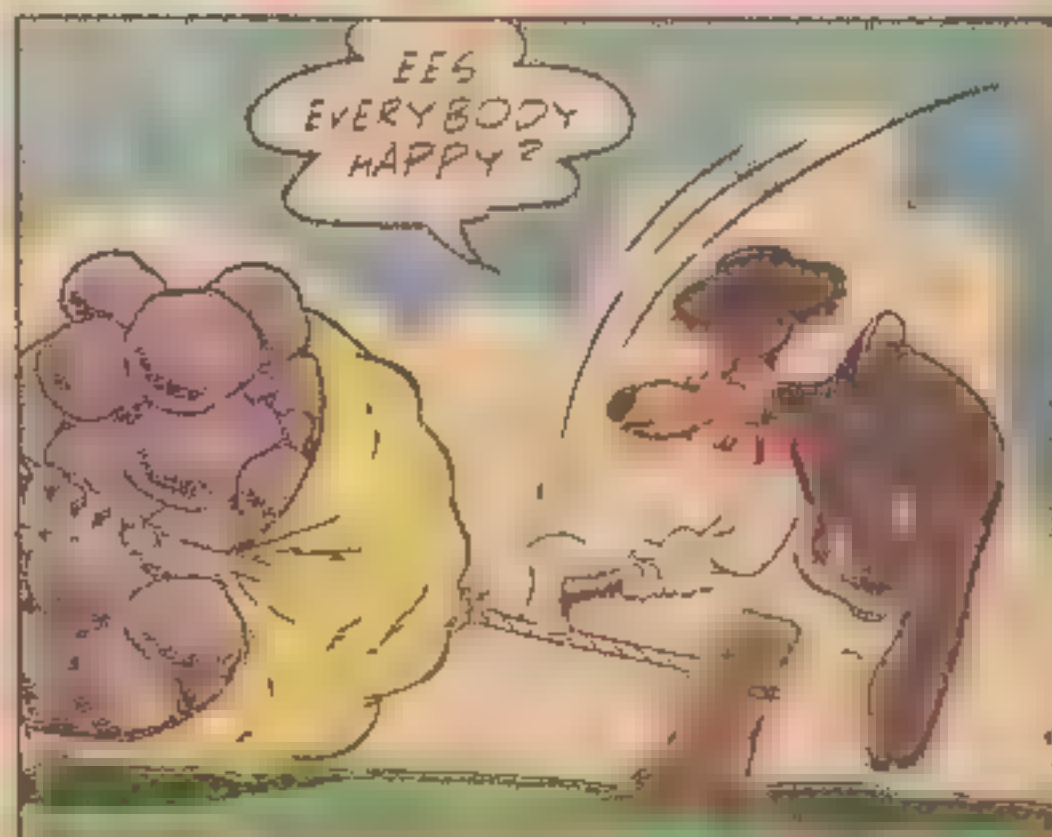
PRESENTED BY M.G.M. CARTOONS

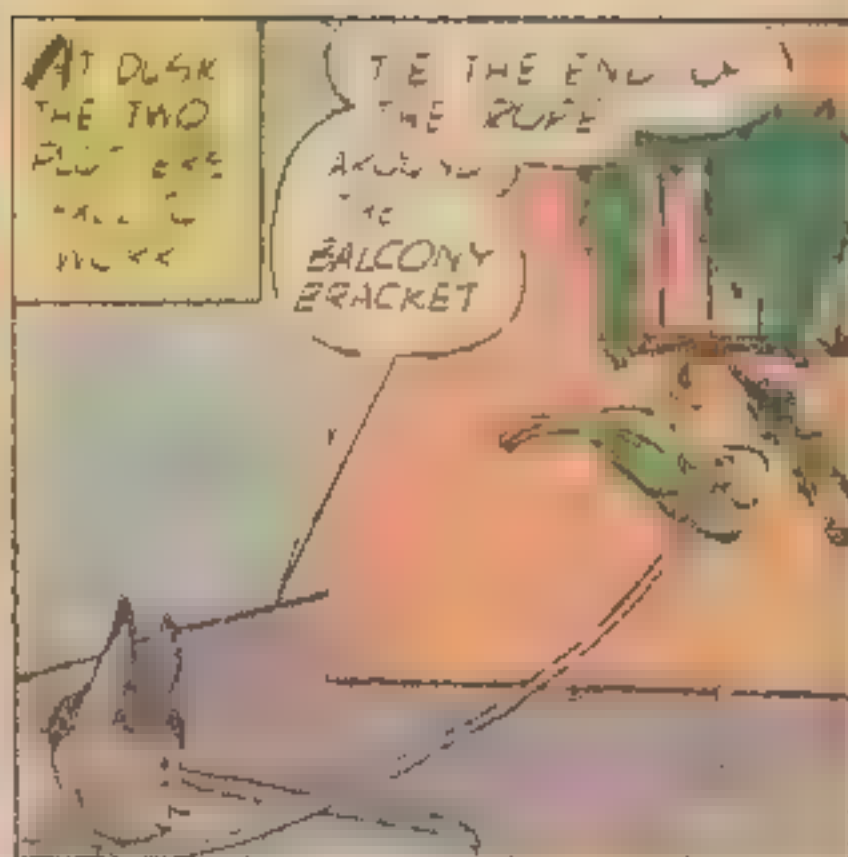




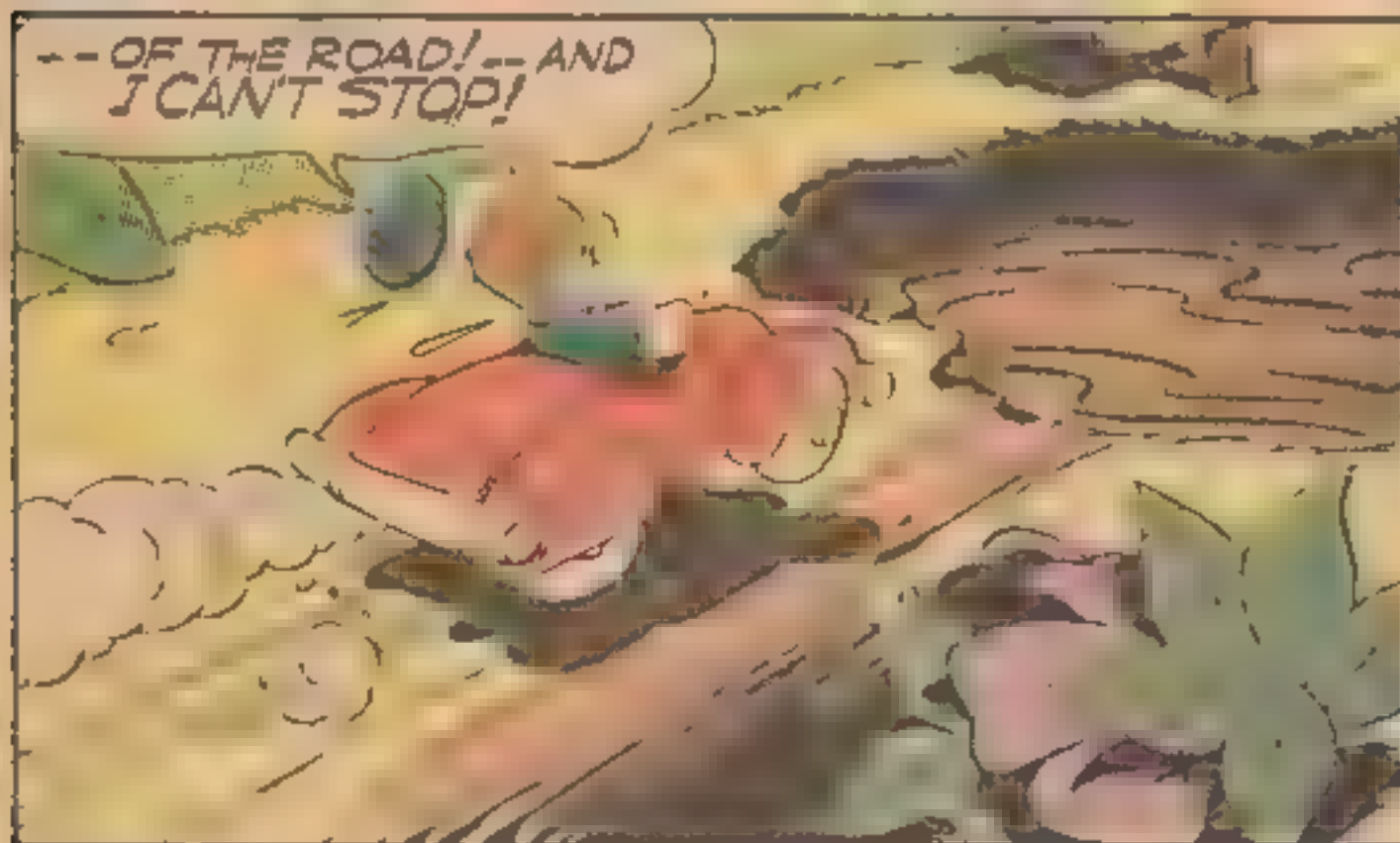
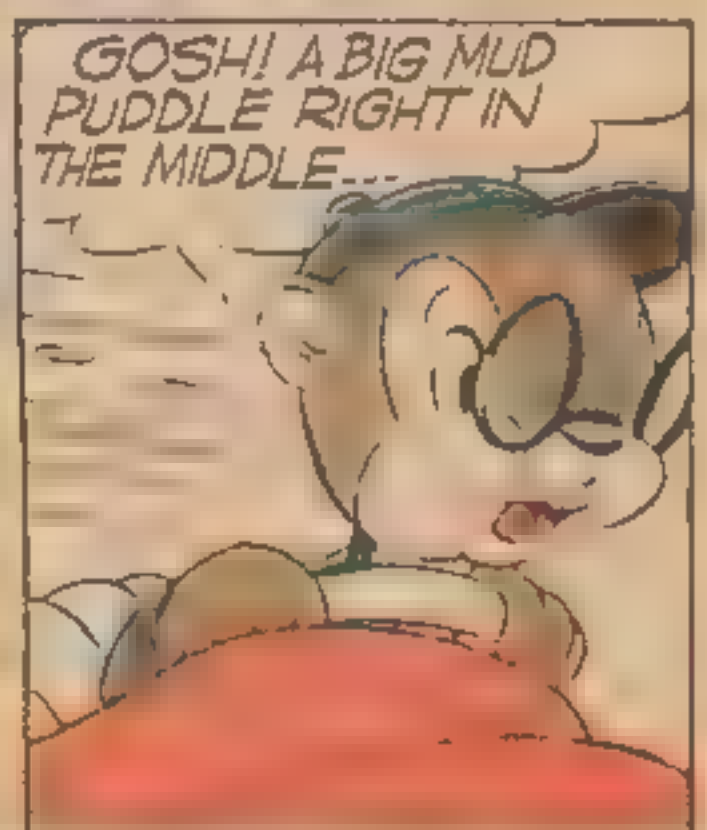
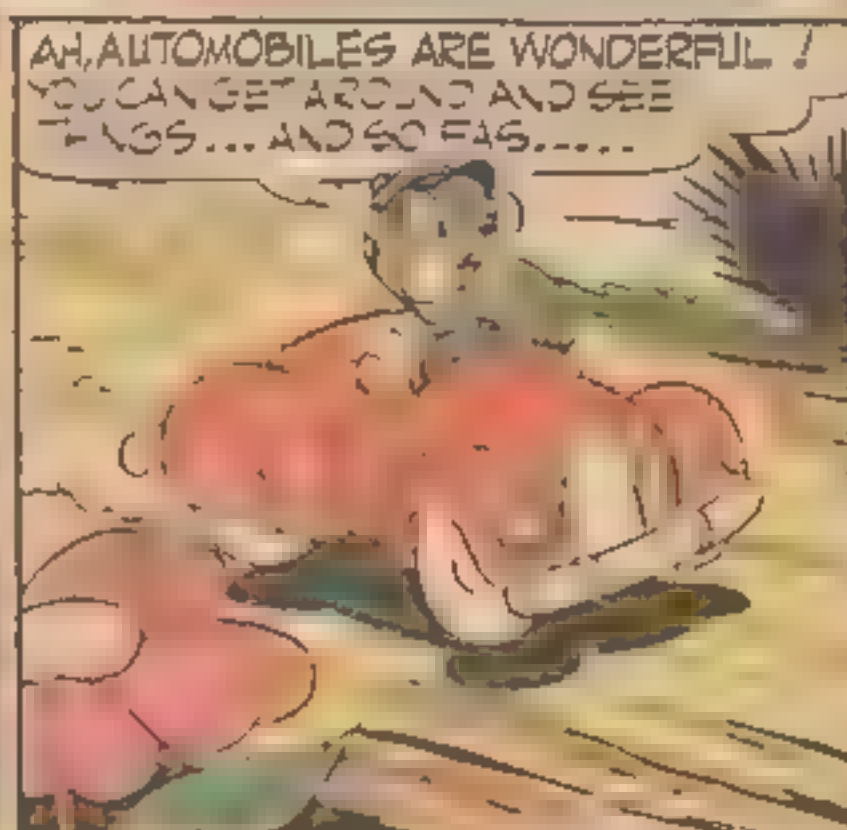


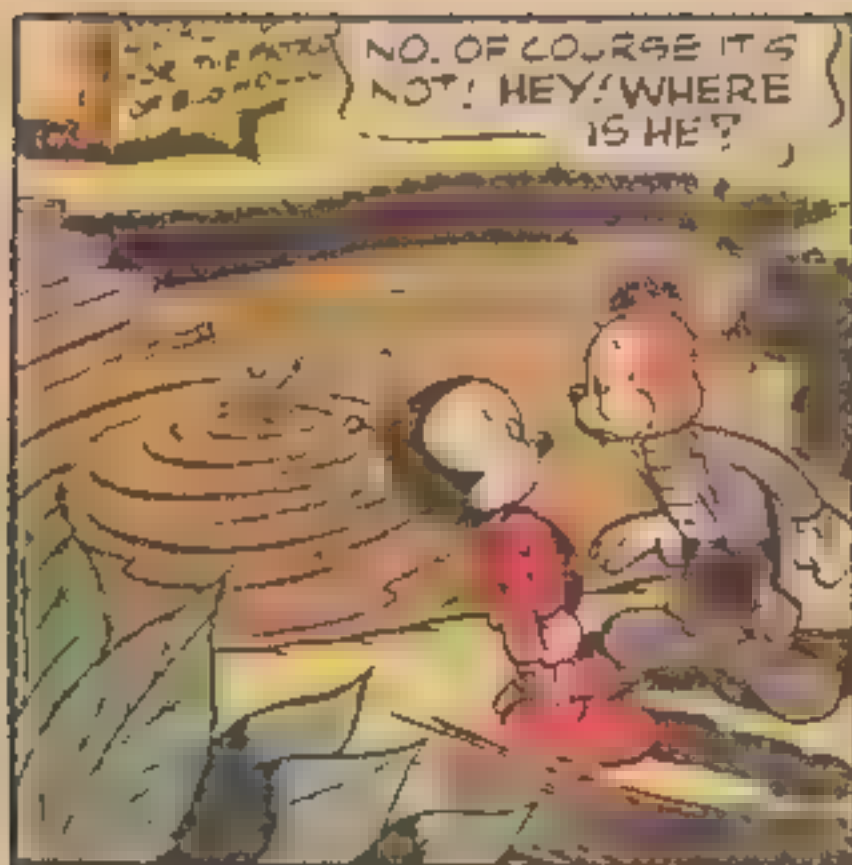






BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures





NO. OF COURSE IT'S NOT! HEY! WHERE IS HE?



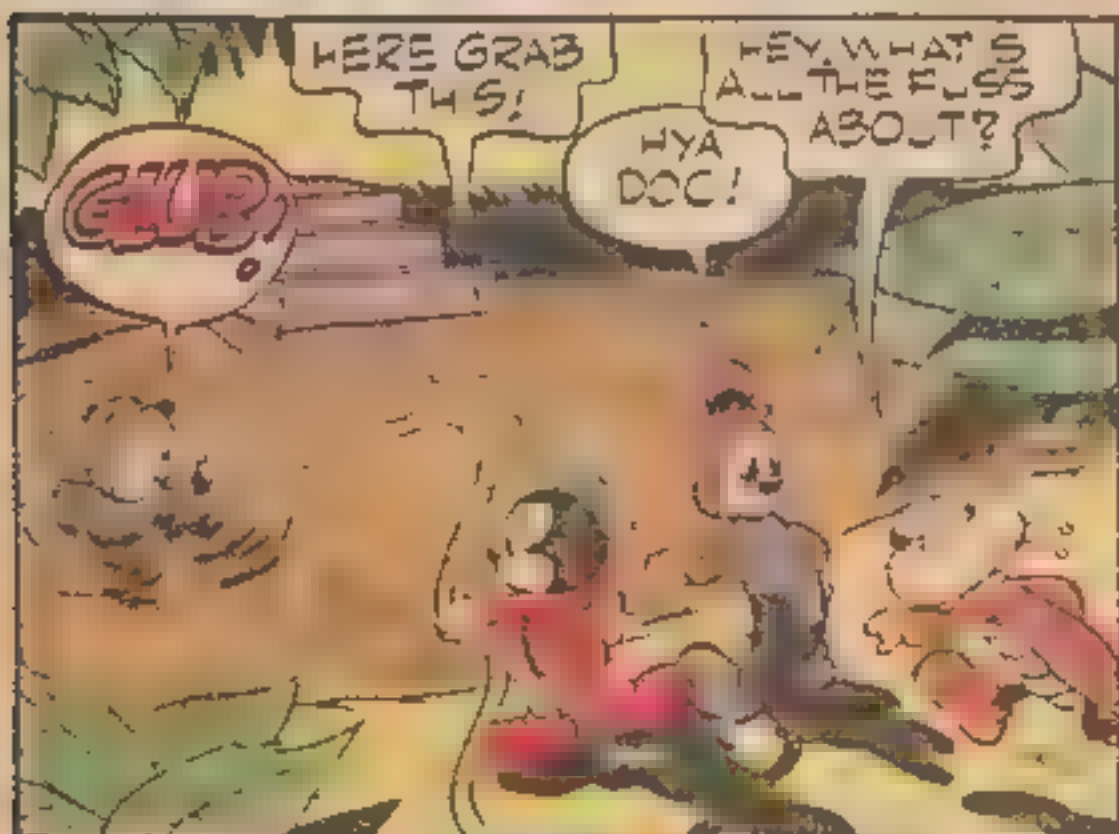
GEE! HE DISAPPEARED!

I WISH WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE COMES BACK. YEAH ALL THAT BEAUTY CLAY



HELP! UGH! PHOO! GULP! OOF!

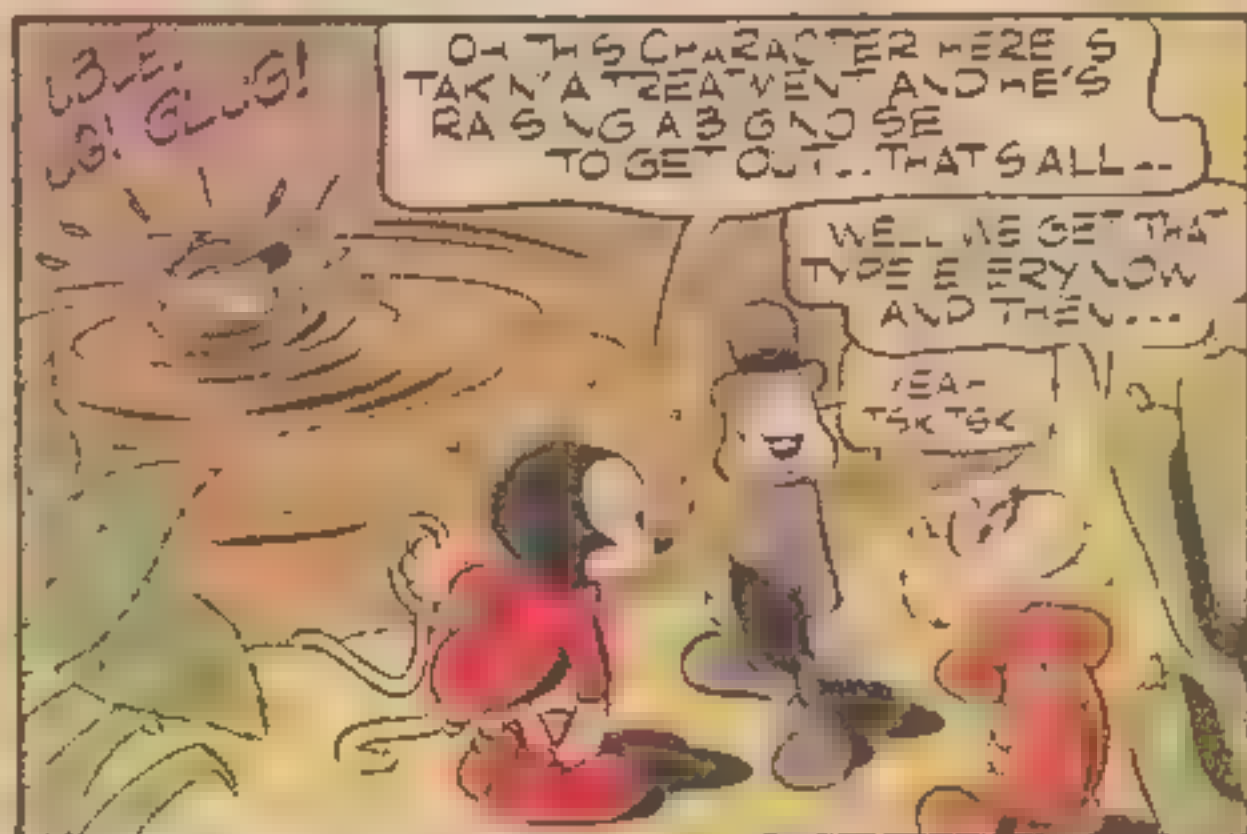
YEAH. WE OUGHTA GET OUT OF HERE



HERE GRAB THIS!

HEY WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT?

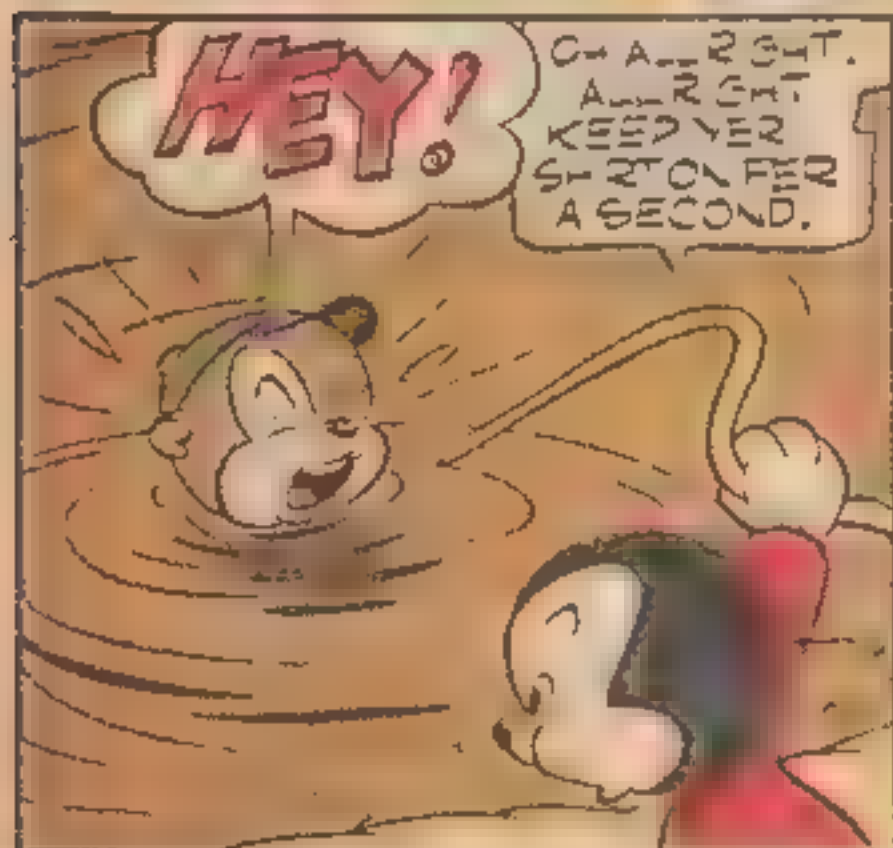
HYA DOC!



OH THIS CHARACTER HERE'S TAKIN' A TREATMENT AND HE'S RAISING A BIG NOISE TO GET OUT... THAT'S ALL--

WELL WE GET THAT TYPE EVERY NOW AND THEN...

YEAH TSK TSK



HEY!

OH ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON FOR A SECOND.



THERE.. THAT WASN'T SO BAD, WAS IT?

3..L3. G..L3. PHOO.. A..MOST DROWNED AND YOU SAY IT WASN'T SO BAD!



AND WHERE ARE MY GLASSES. I MUST HAVE LOST 'EM IN THE MUD!

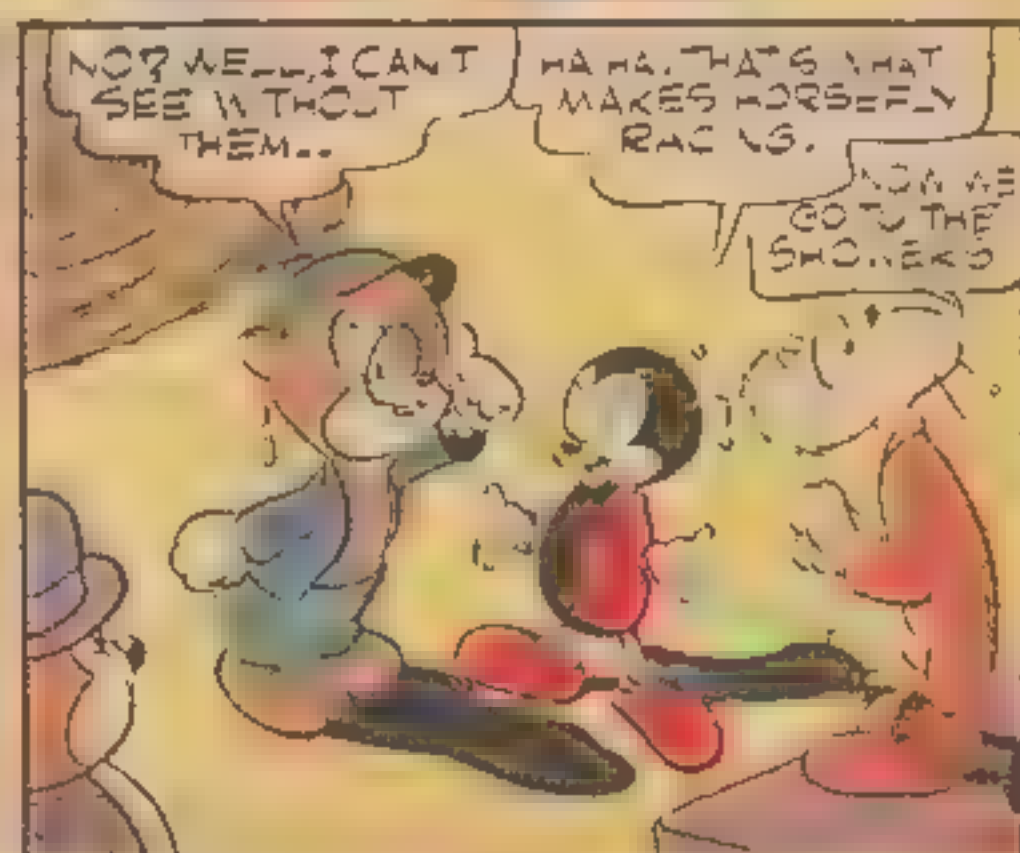


MY GLASSES?

CLUP NAUD SEE FYOU CAN FIND HIS GLASSES THEY'RE LIKE MINE..



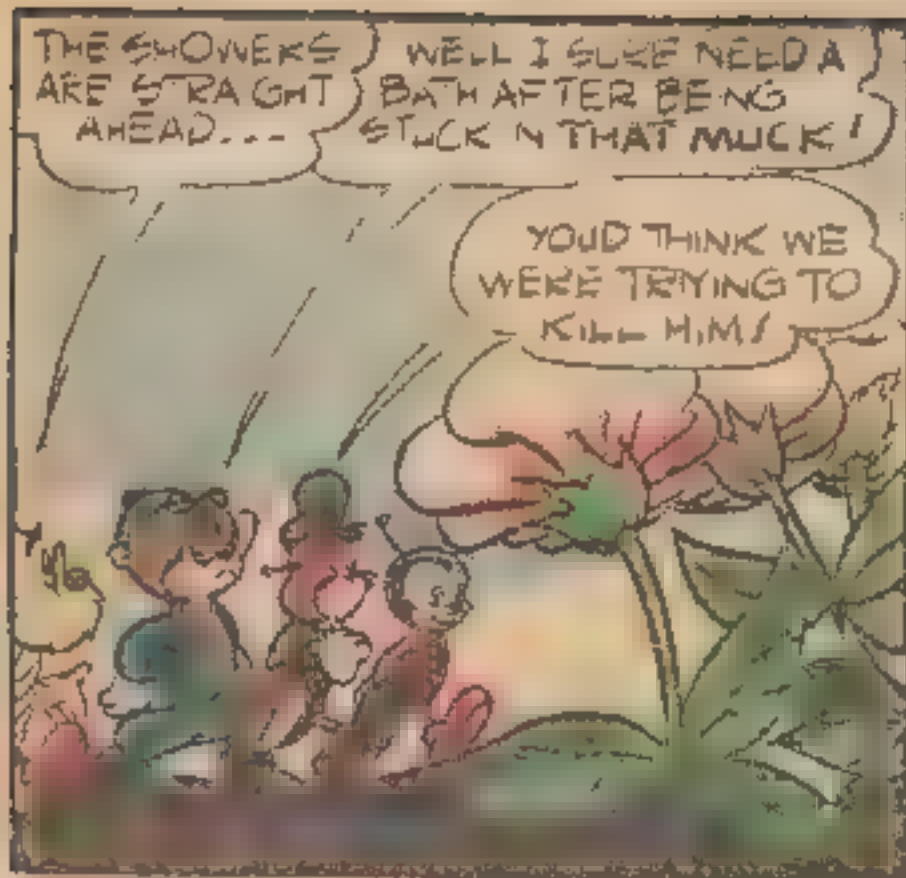
HERE THEY ARE BUT I CAN'T SEE WITH THEM!



NO? WELL I CAN'T SEE WITHOUT THEM..

HA HA. THAT'S WHAT MAKES HORSEFLY RACING.

NOW WE GO TO THE SHOREKES



THE SHOWERS ARE STRAIGHT AHEAD... WELL I SURE NEED A BATH AFTER BEING STUCK IN THAT MUCK!

YOU'D THINK WE WERE TRYING TO KILL HIM!

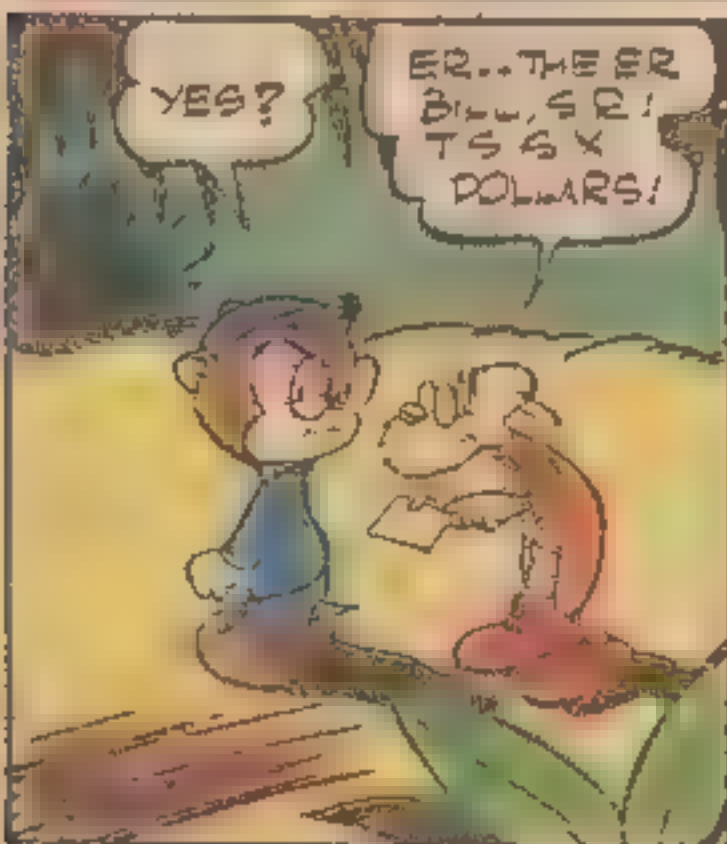


THAT'S IT! I'LL TAKE A DEW DROP SHOWER! ALL THE WAY DOWN!



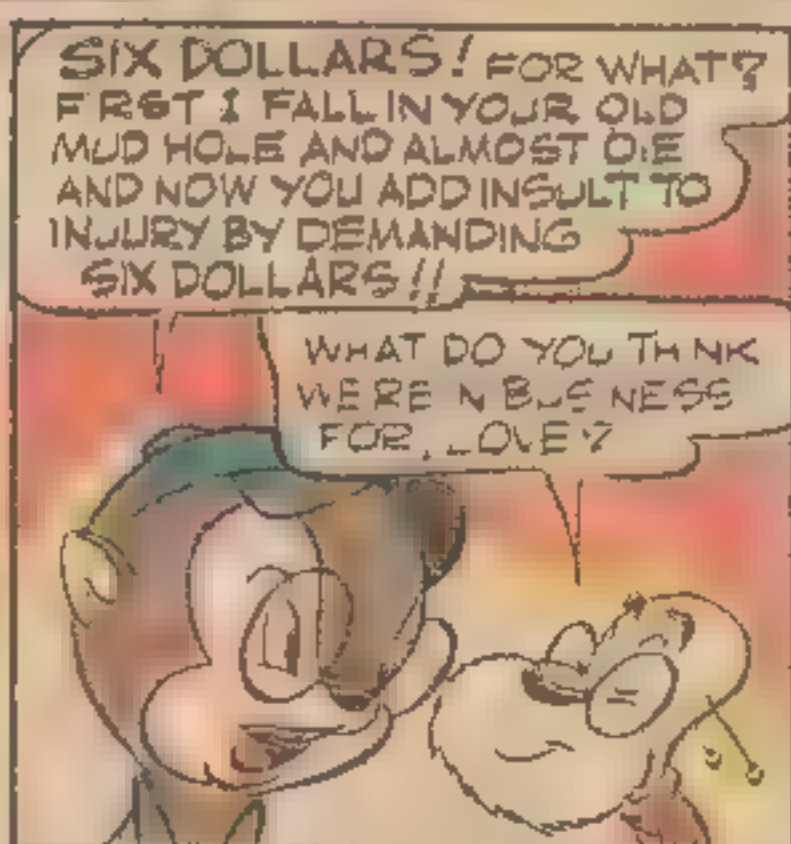
WELL, I'M ALL CLEAN NOW... GUESS I'LL BE ON MY WAY

FOR THE FIRST TIME



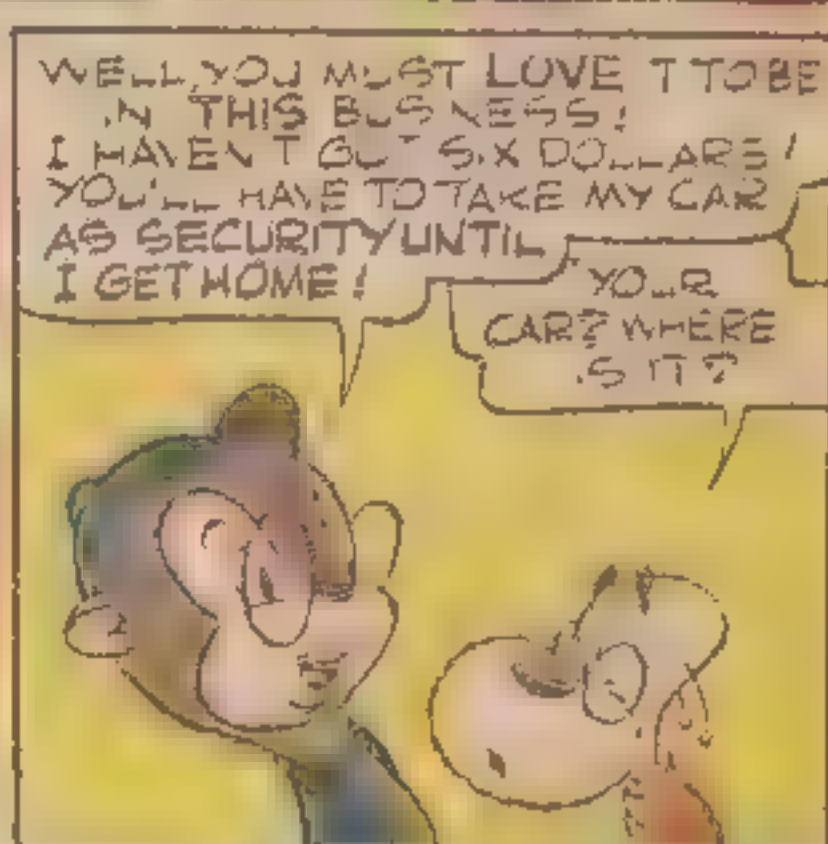
YES?

ER... THERE'S SIX DOLLARS!



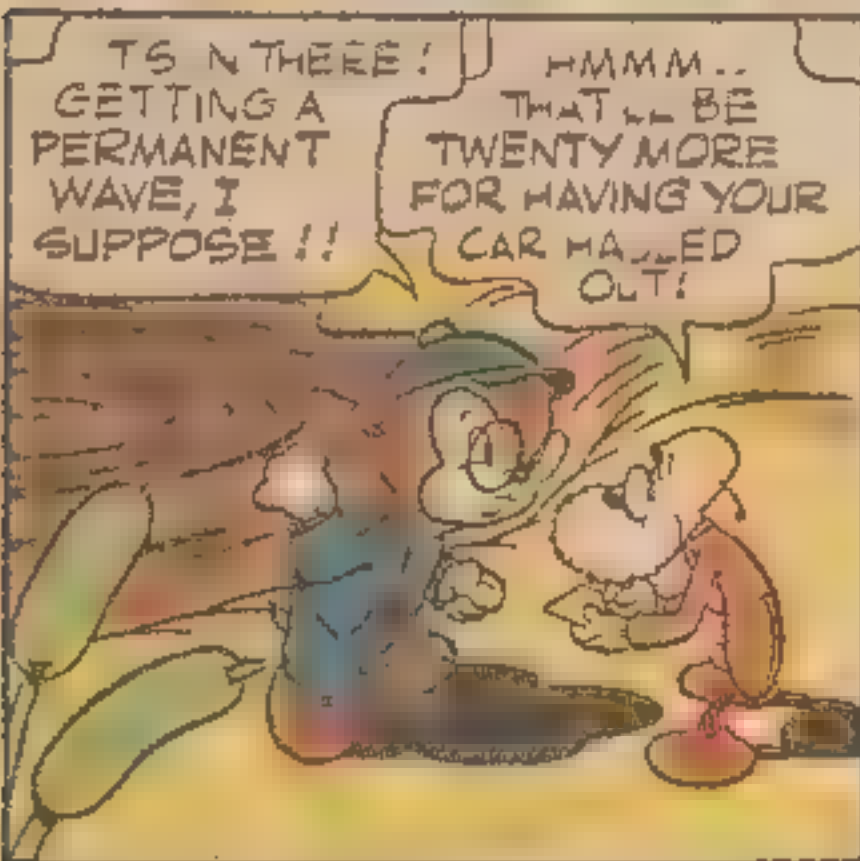
SIX DOLLARS! FOR WHAT? FIRST I FALL IN YOUR OLD MUD HOLE AND ALMOST DIE AND NOW YOU ADD INSULT TO INJURY BY DEMANDING SIX DOLLARS!!

WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'RE IN BUSINESS FOR, LOVE?



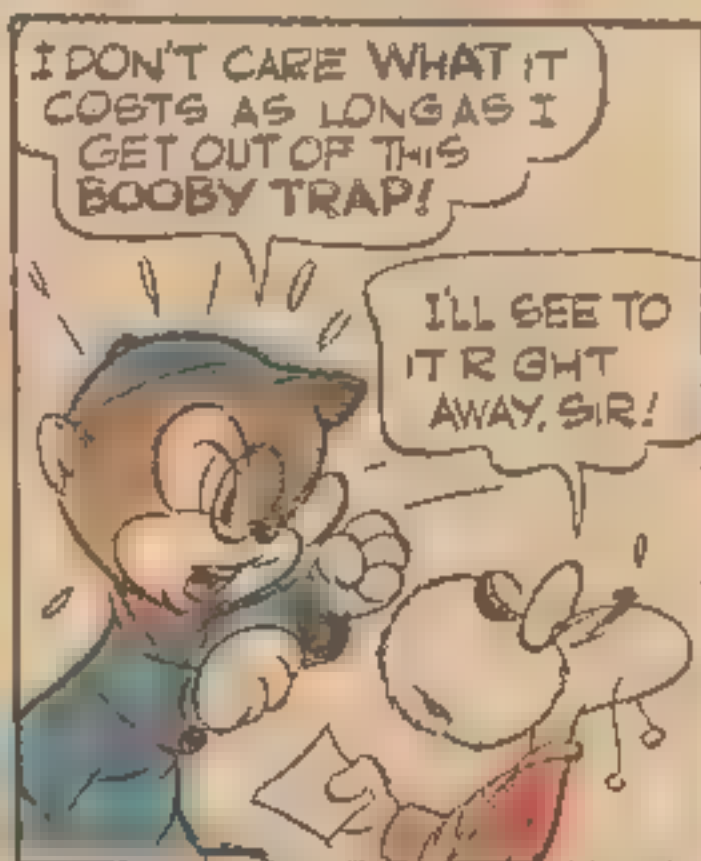
WELL, YOU MUST LOVE TO BE IN THIS BUSINESS! I HAVEN'T GOT SIX DOLLARS! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY CAR AS SECURITY UNTIL I GET HOME!

YOUR CAR? WHERE IS IT?



ISN'T THERE! GETTING A PERMANENT WAVE, I SUPPOSE!!

HMMM... THAT'LL BE TWENTY MORE FOR HAVING YOUR CAR HAILED OUT!

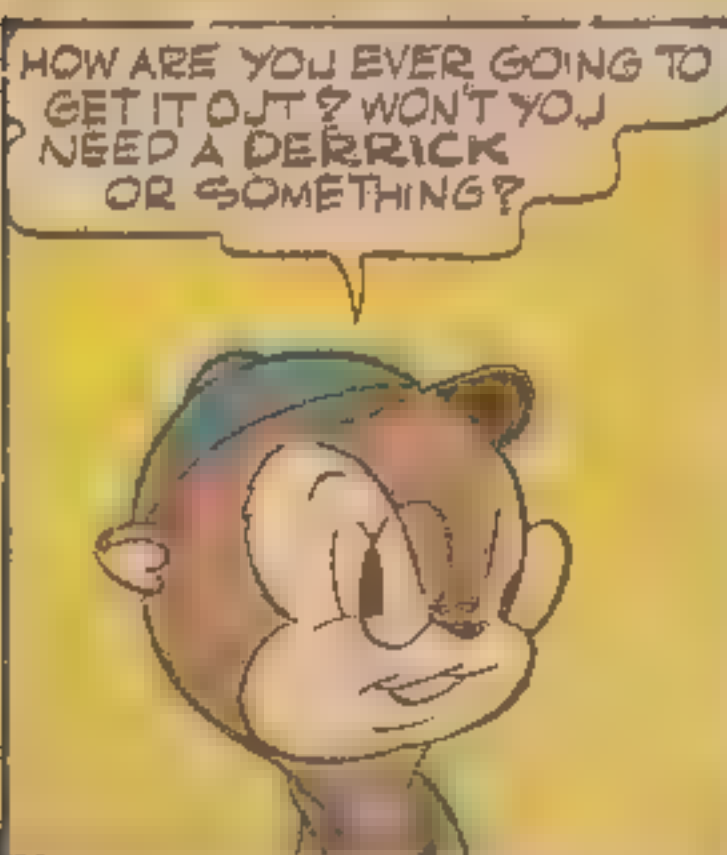


I DON'T CARE WHAT IT COSTS AS LONG AS I GET OUT OF THIS BOOBY TRAP!

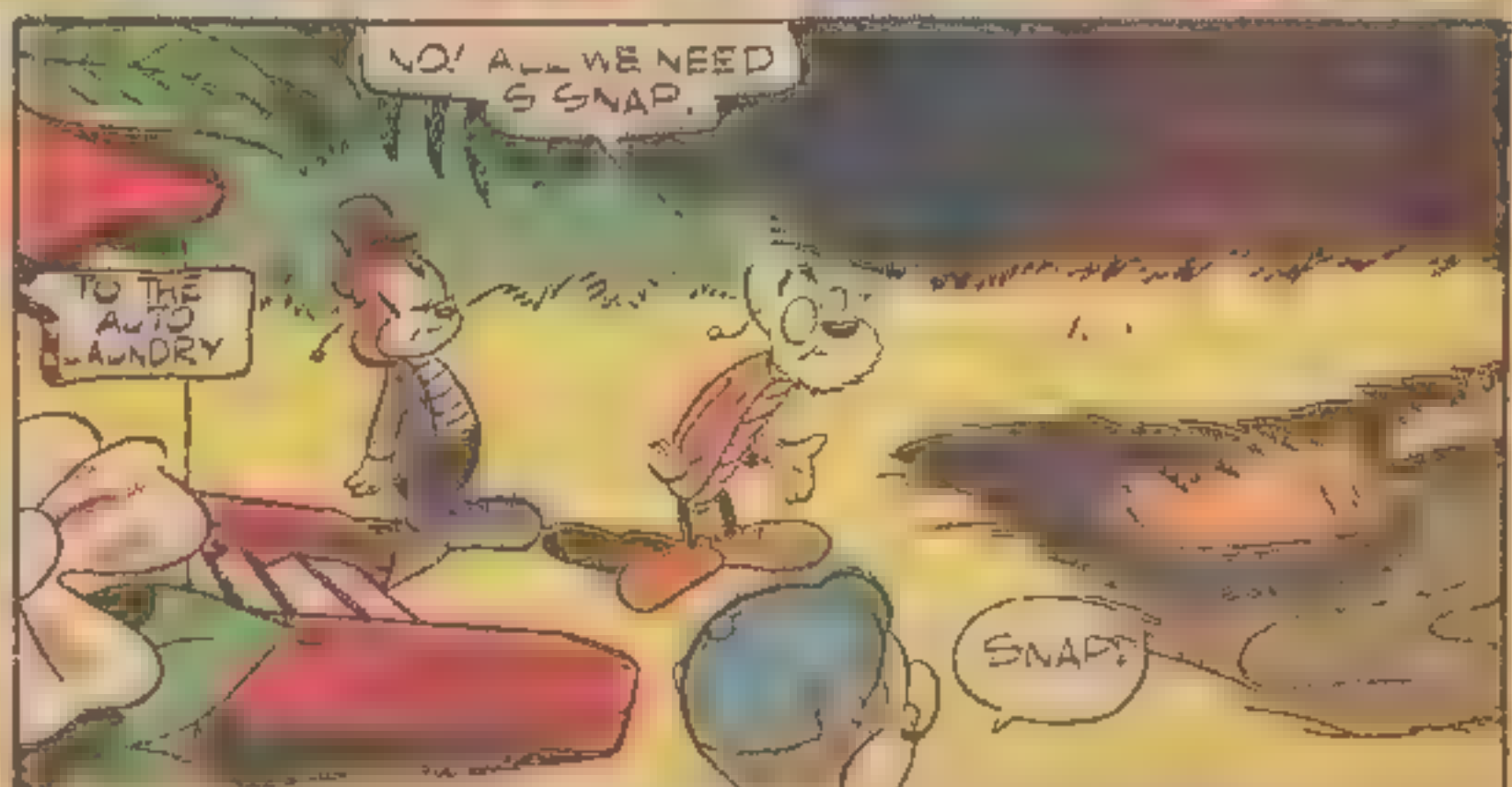
I'LL SEE TO IT RIGHT AWAY, SIR!



SNAP IS ALL SET TO GET THE CAR OUT, DOC!



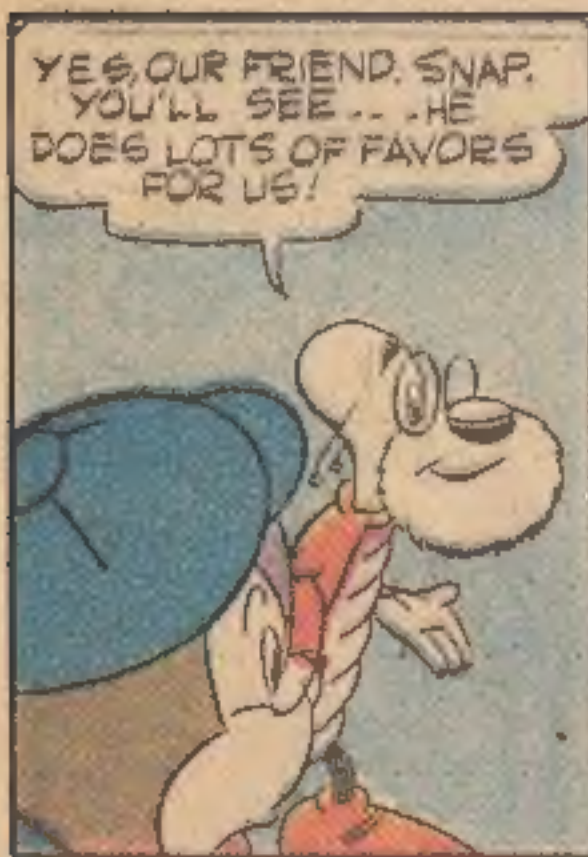
HOW ARE YOU EVER GOING TO GET IT OUT? WON'T YOU NEED A DERRICK OR SOMETHING?



NO! ALL WE NEED IS SNAP.

TO THE AUTO LAUNDRY

SNAP!



YES, OUR FRIEND, SNAP, YOU'LL SEE... HE DOES LOTS OF FAVORS FOR US!



Y'SEE?

GOSH!



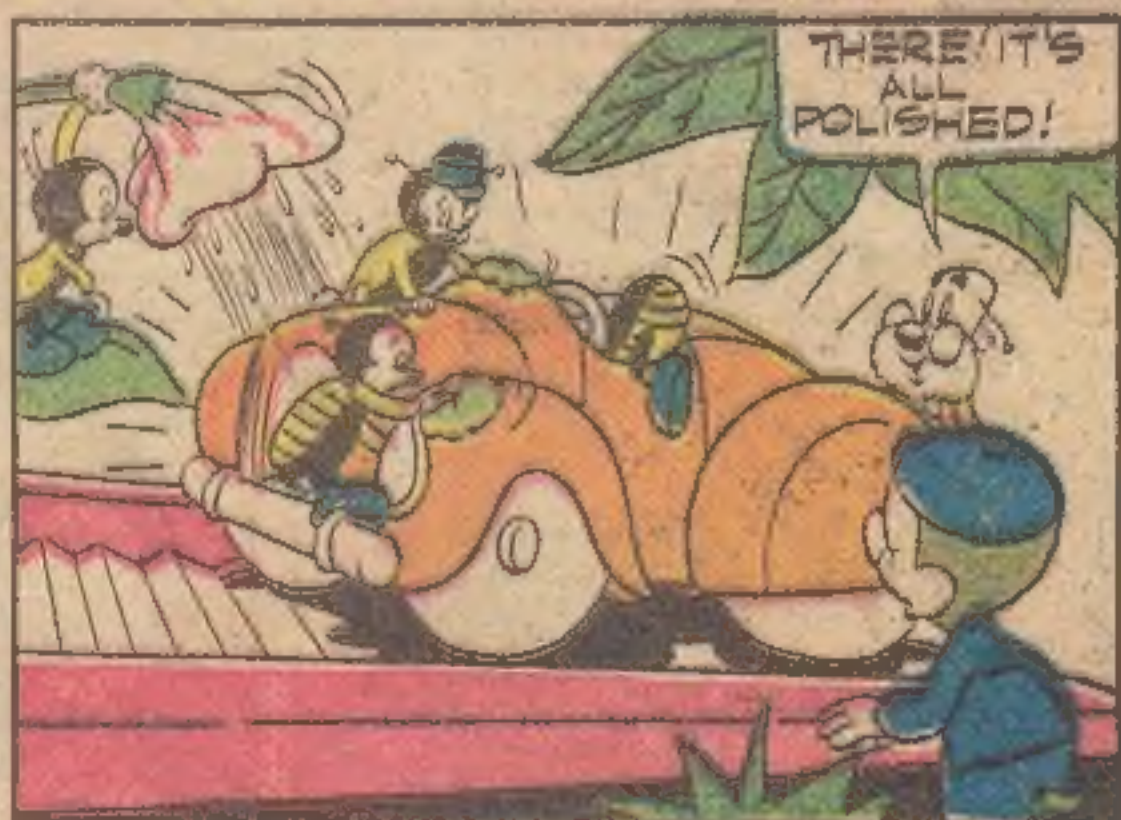
ALL THE WAY NOW, SNAP! THAT'S THE BOY!



DOES HE LIVE DOWN IN ALL THAT MU...

YEP! HE LOVES IT!

OKAY, SNAP! NOW TAKE IT INTO THE LAUNDRY!



THERE! IT'S ALL POLISHED!



THAT'S FINE! NOW I'LL GO HOME AND GET THE MONEY SO I CAN PAY YOU!

OKAY! DON'T BE LONG!



GEE! I FEEL BETTER THAN I EVER DID IN MY LIFE! I WONDER IF THAT MUD REALLY IS BEAUTY CLAY?

SOB! SOB! SOB!



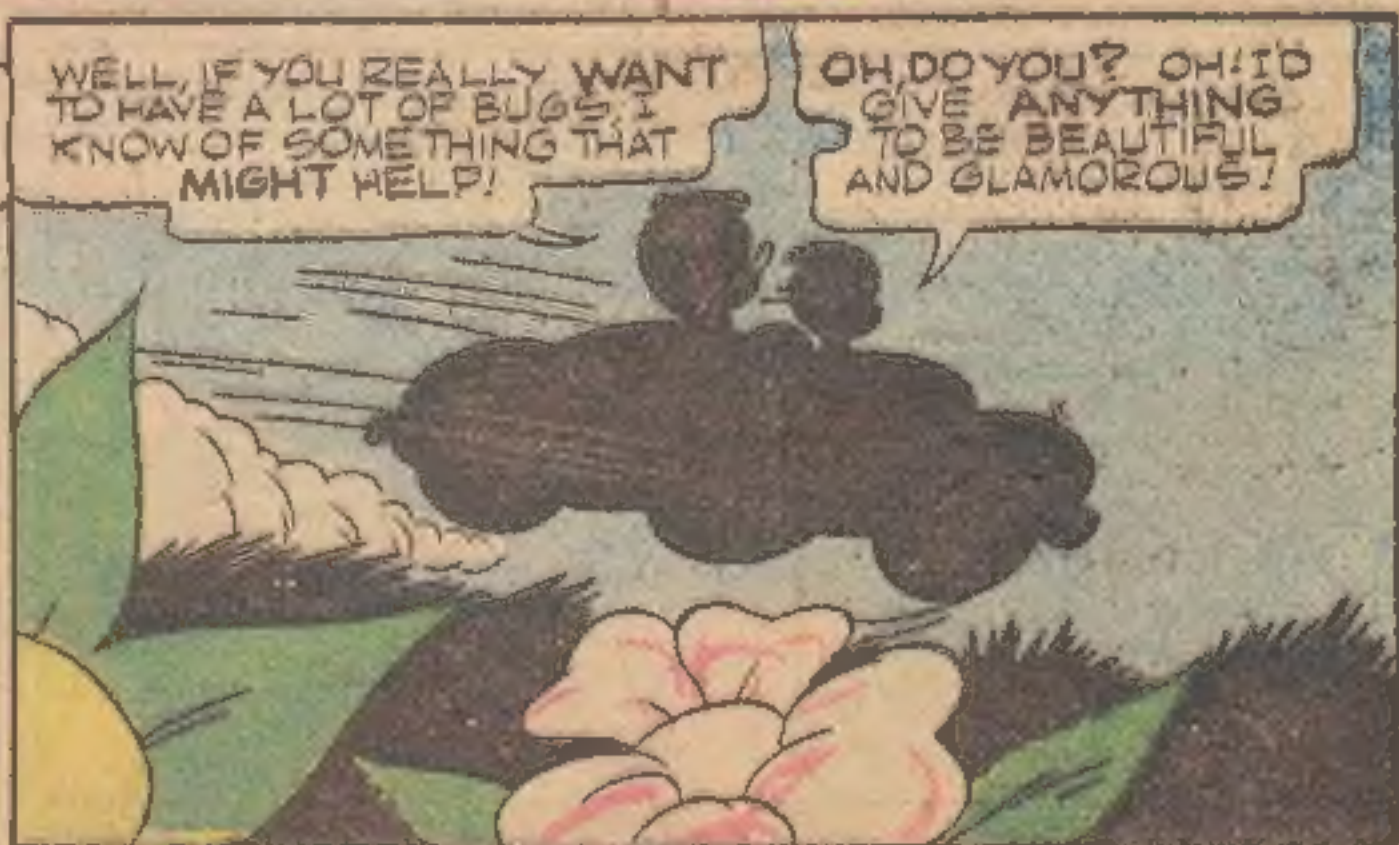
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MISS LADYBUG? WHAT ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT?

OH, I'M SO HOMELY! I FEEL SO ASHAMED! I CAN'T FACE ANYONE! I DO WISH I WERE MORE ATTRACTIVE!



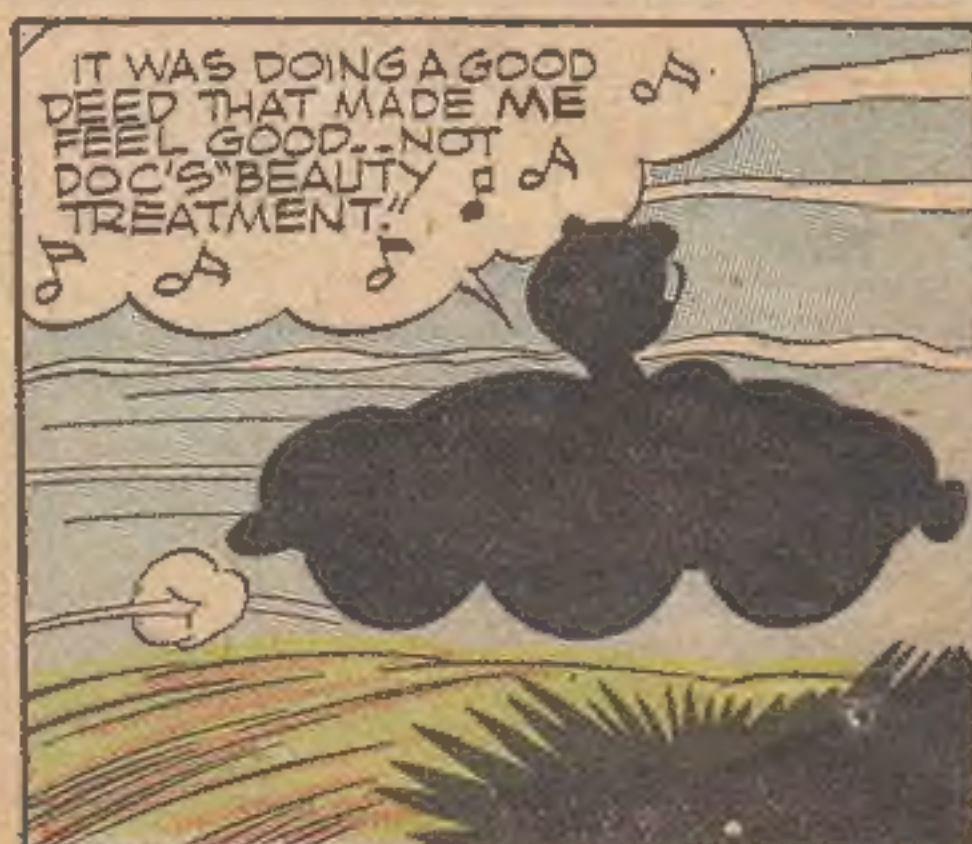
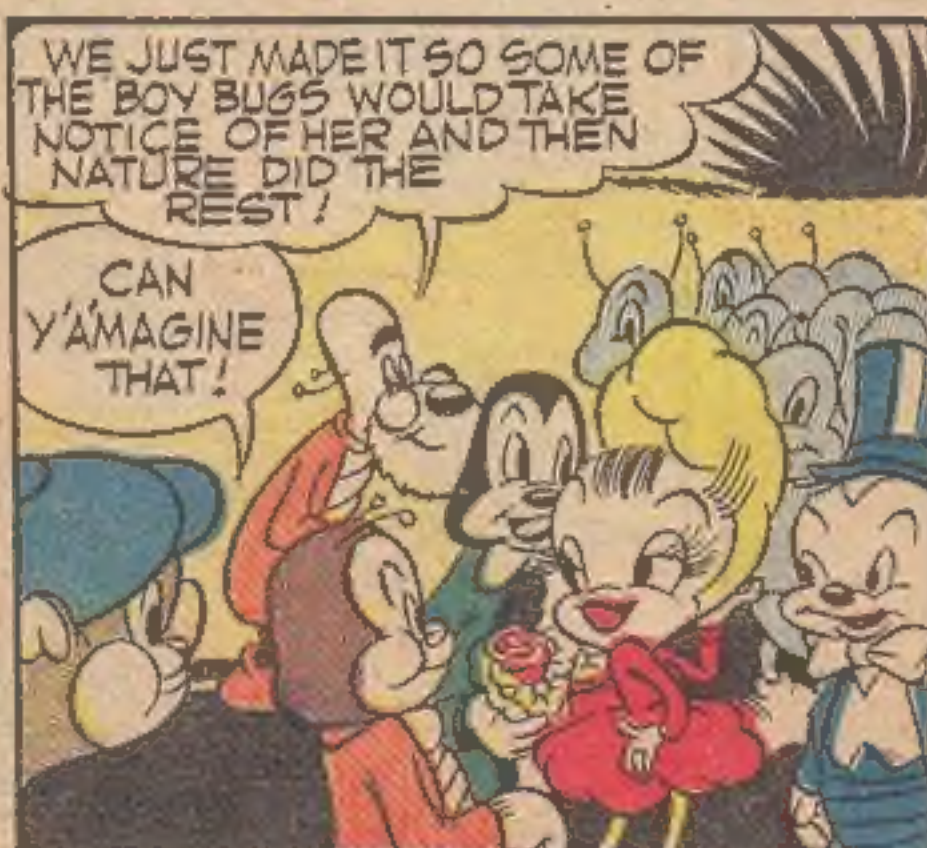
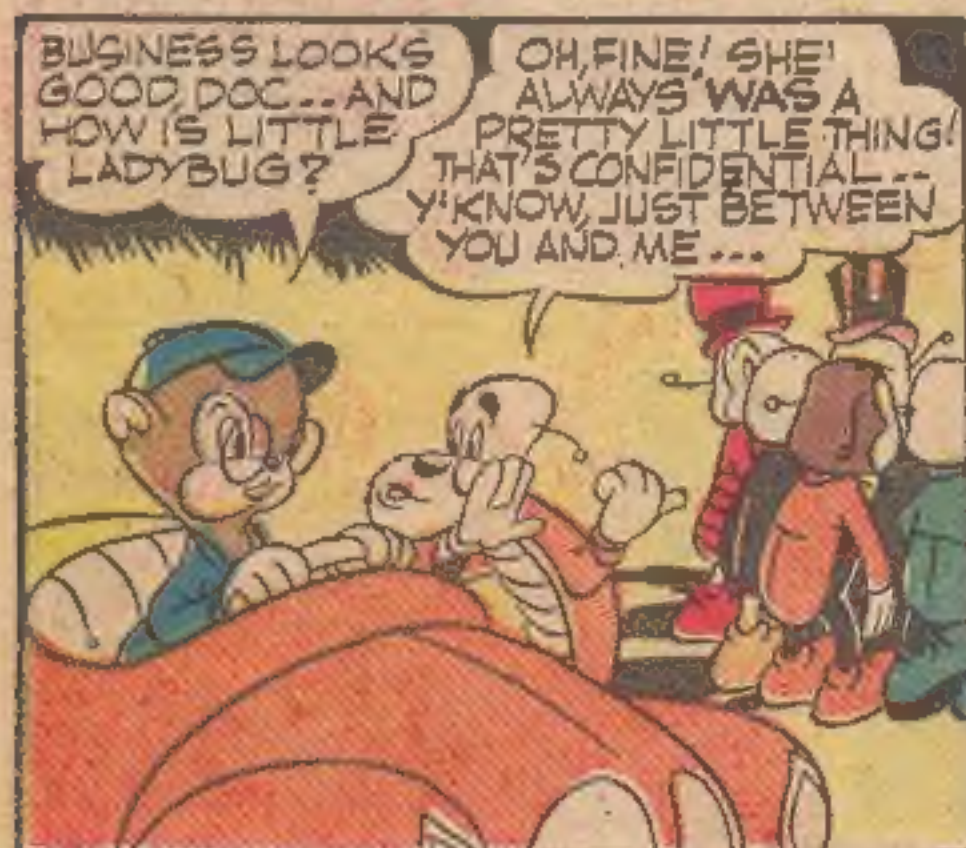
WHY DO YOU WISH TO BE PRETTIER THAN YOU ARE? YOU'D ONLY ATTRACT BUGS!

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO ATTRACT! BUGS! BUGS! MILLIONS OF THEM! BUGS WHO WOULD ADMIRE ME! OH, DEAR! SOB, SOB...



WELL, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO HAVE A LOT OF BUGS, I KNOW OF SOMETHING THAT MIGHT HELP!

OH, DO YOU? OH, I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO BE BEAUTIFUL AND GLAMOROUS!





thing like it on the other side."

With a cautious look at the prospector's face, Wuff began nibbling his long beard.

"It's tough, and it's got a queer taste," he muttered. "Perhaps I'll like it better once I'm used to it."

The prospector's snores ended in a loud HONK. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, and discovered his short-chewed beard.

"Thunderation!" he shouted. "Some pesky varmints hev been chawin' on me in my sleep. Jest lemme git my hands on 'em!"

He glared angrily around—but the "varmint" was not to be seen. They were crowded inside the sack with the bacon and the beans, shivering with fright.

Unable to find them, the prospector tied up his sack, loaded it onto his burro, and tramped off to find a better camping place. And, little by little, the two prairie dogs got over their scare.

"Where do you s'pose he's taking us?" whispered Fluff.

"Not much farther, if I can help it," replied Wuff bravely. "I'm going to make a hole in this sack. Then we'll jump out and scoot for home."

Wuff's sharp teeth chewed through the hole and he looked around.

"Gee Whillikers!" he exclaimed. "We're a long way from home. Maybe we'd better take some lunch before we go."

(Continued from inside front cover)

Ducking back inside, he filled his pockets with the prospector's raisins.

"Here goes," he said, preparing to drop through the hole. "As soon as I let go, you jump, too, Fluff."

The two little prairie dogs landed so softly on the ground that neither the prospector nor his burro noticed them.

"We'll follow their tracks right back to our village," said Wuff confidently. "It can't be too awfully far."

But the burro HAD traveled a lot farther than he guessed. Worst of all, a wind came up and filled in the tracks they were following. About sundown, Wuff had to agree that they were lost.

"I'll never—sniff—never see my mama and my papa again!" sobbed Fluff. "Some big, bad prairie wolf will catch us—or we'll die of starvation."

"We won't starve yet," Wuff comforted her. "I've still got a pocketful of raisins. Have some?"

They ate the raisins—all they could hold—and cuddled down in a salt-sage bush to try to sleep. They were feeling as lonely as lost "Babes in the Wood," when the big, prairie moon came up.

All at once, over the top of the hill came a chorus of voices—prairie dog voices, barking at the moon. Fluff and Wuff jumped up with happy cries, and ran toward them.

"It's our OWN village!" shouted Wuff. Then, catching Fluff's arm, he whispered, "Don't tell anybody we were LOST—just forty jumps from our front doors!"



